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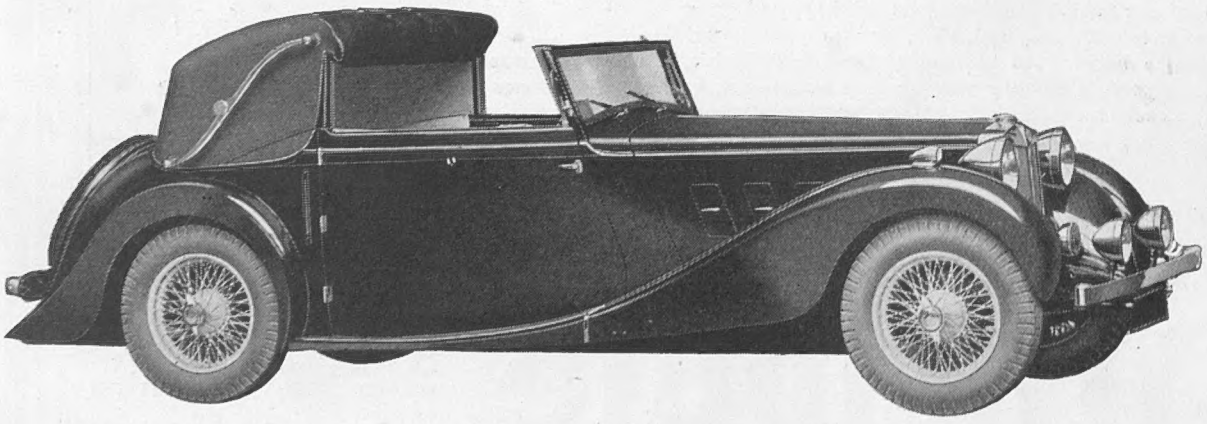

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
October 31, 1936

37

SEEKING BRITAIN'S FRIENDSHIP

Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop, the New German Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Leaving His Home in Eaton Square for His First Official Visit to the Embassy

Herr von Ribbentrop brings many qualities to his latest task, including a frank and genial manner, a fluent and accurate command of English, and a quite evidently sincere goodwill towards this country. Indeed, ever since he became associated with Chancellor Hitler the new Ambassador has been a persistent advocate of a better understanding between Britain and Germany, and he expressed his views in no uncertain terms when he made the following statement to the Press on arrival in London last Monday: "Germany," he said, "wants to be friends with Great Britain, and, I think, the British people also wish for German friendship. The Führer is convinced that there is only one real danger to Europe and to the British Empire as well; that is the spreading further of Communism, this most terrible of all diseases—terrible because people generally seem to realise its danger only when it is too late. A closer collaboration in this sense between our two countries is not only important but a vital necessity in the common struggle for the upholding of our civilisation and culture"

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A MARK OF APPRECIATION: Mr. W. B. Henderson, honorary secretary of the Craven Harriers, with the silver salver presented to him by fellow members of this Yorkshire hunt to mark the occasion of his wedding. The ceremony took place at the opening meet at Eshton Hall, near Gargrave

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, October 28, 1936.

PARLIAMENT RESUMES.—We have managed very nicely without the Westminster talking gentlemen, who have none the less been talking all the time. Parliament resumes to-morrow, October 29. But custom has been varied by the Premier's decision to allot the very day of reassembly to a full-dress debate on a subject which the Labour Opposition—so little in agreement on general questions—has pressed as one of prime importance. The news out of Spain suggests that, even if Parliament had been summoned four days earlier, the question of reviewing the position in regard to the non-intervention pact might have been out of date. In a sense perhaps it is ; but whatever flag waves over the capital, Spain must clearly for an indefinite time remain "the sick man of Europe"; the carcase which, even if bled white, must attract the interest of marauding vultures and leave a sense of insecurity, uncertainty, and jealousy brooding over Europe. Spain is indeed a vital problem for Parliament with its unforseeable complications, and beside it that other (domestic) problem of agreed urgency, the question of legislation to deal with provocative processions and the wearing of uniforms, recedes in importance. It is difficult not to feel that the Cabinet will be wise as long as possible to rely on the discretionary powers vested in the police, and to avoid giving by new and elaborate legislation another handle to those who for ever watch for bureaucratic efforts to curtail the liberty of the subject in free speech on political questions. In so far—very far—that it is a problem of dealing with hooliganism, it is a matter first and foremost for our overworked and admirable police, and they have a wide discretion which covers them. Other matters, of relative importance, have been given by the prophets their places in the King's Speech, which will perhaps be shorter than prophesied. One such item is the long dallied-with question of Ministerial salaries, the settlement of which has embarrassed Governments in power. But Governments chop and change, and Premiers belong to more than one party, and no doubt the increase in the salary of the First Minister and the scaling-up of the £2,000 a year posts to the £5,000 a year common level will come at last on a fair wind from the Opposition.

LORD NUFFIELD AND BUREAUCRACY.—This "sensation" is *sub judice*. On the face of it—from Lord Nuffield's side—it looks maddening enough. We are always ready to believe instances of pomposity and blind tactlessness shown by Government departments and their political heads in their dealings with the great industrialists outside politics. We must defer judgment. Lord Nuffield—though no man has more right to take a high hand with anybody—is known as a very modest, restrained man. On the other hand, Lord Swinton is—or was—remarkable for his suavity of manner and velvet tact. It looks as if Lord Nuffield were more irritated by the scheme which the Air Ministry had embraced than by the Air Minister's manner towards him. He is root and branch opposed to the advice of the industrial advisers to which Lord Swinton is pledged. The Ministry is trying to work two schemes—the immediate expansion of the R.A.F., involving the supply of thousands of new aero engines, and the creation of a skeleton production scheme in the emergency of a European war. Lord Nuffield concentrates on the first, and holds that the emergency is now with us. The Air Ministry, on the other hand, in proceeding with their first scheme, confined itself to dealing with a few firms to the exclusion of the immediate assistance offered by Lord Nuffield. The public will have a chance to judge whether that provision for immediate expansion is adequate, and, if so judged, whether Lord Nuffield's counter proposals and offers of assistance were met with the courtesy and respect which are unquestionably his due, even from a superman among Ministers of State.

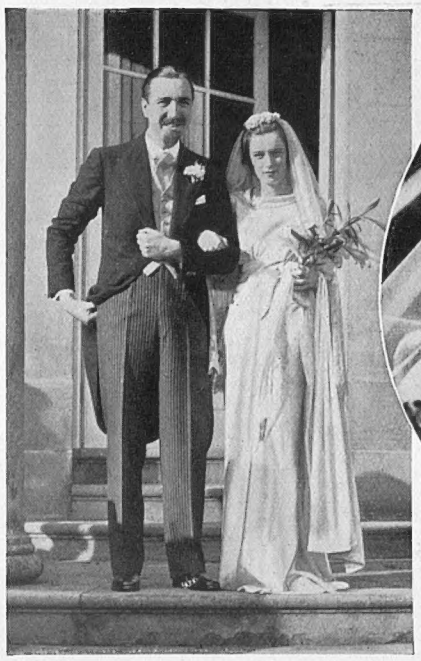
HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND.—Two well-known figures in Scottish life realise the importance of concentrating on one issue at a time, suffering the buzzing of only one bee in their bonnets at one time. They are the Duchess of Atholl and the Duke of Montrose. In the past five years the Duchess of Atholl has concentrated her energy and high abilities on several issues ranging from India to Perthshire. The Duke of Montrose has kept the Scottish Home Rule bee buzzing continuously. He has made that issue his life's work. To lend vitality to the crusade, he has allowed himself to belittle the great efficiency of Scottish administration. "We are miles behind with our housing schemes. There is no proper health system. We are in trouble with our agriculture and marketing schemes . . . in fact, Scotland is becoming a poorer country." The English tourist who visits Scotland sees everywhere proofs that belie this gloomy picture and asks whether Scotland as a whole warmly endorses this demand for Home Rule. The Scot is not usually humble about his abilities in business and local affairs and has no need to be. His schools, his roads, his tackling of the preservation of the countryside, his big schemes for supplying water, electricity, drainage, and so forth, are the envy of the Sassenach. There may be colour and truth and cause of irritation in that the national affairs of a country so important should be in the hands of but one member of the British Cabinet, but the British Cabinet has for generations been much in the hands of, or propped up by, Scotsmen. The Secretary for Scotland (says the Duke) is one of twenty-seven, and when he asks for something to be done for Scotland, the twenty-six reply "Oh, shut up! we are too busy in Madrid and Jerusalem." If that is true, Scotland has a grievance and a case. But I think there is another solution. The British Cabinet, so impregnated with Scottish efficiency and good sense, says and continues to say: "The whole world is in labour and needs all our skill in surgery. Only one Mother Country can be safely left to bring forth her babies without our assistance. Let us (thankfully) leave her to it." I think the Duke's bee must for a while longer—just buzz in his bonnet.

SNOBBERY, OUR SALVATION.—Do Dictatorships of either extreme kill snobbery where snobbery is in the blood of the people? If snobbery is a vice which must be banished for the right conduct of a Fascist or Soviet State, then indeed our own inherent snobbishness should make of England the Waterloo of the Dictator. For it is unconquerable. I took note the other day of some pronouncement by the "authorities" in the world of domestic service on how to make domestic service more attractive to those young women and men who are cut out for it by nature (if not yet by training or inclination). I had thought the blame for the collapse of domestic service as a means of livelihood should be set at the door of foolish, indulgent, feckless mothers, and of the craving in the young for having all their evenings free for adventure. But no. It appears that domestic service is looked down on by the young bloods—the boys

EQUESTRIAN AQUATICS: A rider helping his mount "ashore" after a fall in the brook at the Pytchley Hunter Trials held at Holdenby Mill, Northampton. As several horses came to grief here at the beginning of the day, the jump was ruled out for the rest of the events

"THE PAVEMENT, CARPETED WITH LEAVES, GIVES BACK A SOFTENED ECHO TO THE TREAD": A desolate scene in the Mall after the high winds prevailing last week-end had further robbed the trees of their glorious autumn foliage

—whose pleasure and practice it is to take out young girls. It seems that these young bloods draw the line at domestic servants. "Any potty sort of typist"—yes. But a housemaid, a parlour-maid, a kitchen-maid, or tweeny—no. They are beyond the pale as companions for the young bloods. How to save the situation and keep the home fires burning and save domestic service from extinction? A mere verbal alteration or two can do it. The rose by any other name will smell far sweeter. It is merely a question of a choice of words. "Cook" is vulgar, but a "kitchen manager" or "food controller" will cut out even a solo-flier or mannequin. "Housemaid" is a term of slavery, but "house-manager" will ensure free tickets for a cinema and a free meal at the Corner-House seven nights a week. "Tweeny" of course is beyond the pale and my own alternative suggestion is "Liaison officer." For parlour maid, I would suggest "High-steward"; for "boots" "leather-controller" might serve; while for kitchen maid "assistant kitchen-manager" has already been put forward. Put forward in all seriousness! It is no joke. It is confidently asserted that by this simple expedient thousands of silly young women can be reduced from the dole to a useful and honourable career of domestic service. Truly we are a nation of snobs, as that shrewd statesman, King Edward VII, realised. He initiated a policy of distinguishing domestic servants with minor decorations. He handed out several M. B. E.'s to butlers, and it is a thousand pities that the practice has gone out. Orders and decorations should be hung on the lower and not the higher rungs of the social ladder and then many of our domestic problems would solve themselves. A Communist, knighted, becomes a Conservative. A young English girl persuaded to take and to hold a post as tweeny (I should say Liaison Officer) in West Sussex beyond the 2-mile cinema radius should be appointed a Dame of the British Empire. For she is a rarity, distinguished among her peers. Every dinner should be an affair of "orders and decorations," but they should be worn by the staff, not by the guests.



IN YORKSHIRE: Mr. Christopher Sykes, brother of Sir Richard Sykes, the owner of the famous Sledmere racing stud, and Miss Camilla Russell, daughter of Russell Pasha, Commandant of the Cairo Police, pictured together after their marriage in the private chapel at Sledmere

EYES RIGHT! Miss Monique O'Ryan, a radiant figure as she left the Church of Our Lady of the Victories, Kensington, following her marriage to Captain Edward B. C. Dicken, the Royal Navy, second son of Admiral C. G. Dicken, of The Hermitage, Winchester

AT ST. MARGARET'S: Mr. Derek Butler Adams, son of the late Mr. Leonard Adams, and Miss Beatrice Baker, daughter of Mr. Bernard Baker, whose wedding brought a fashionable congregation to Westminster, including Countess Jellicoe, Viscountess Dawson, and Lady Tichborne

Wedding Bells

BEFORE THE DELUGE: An impression of Rotten Row last Sunday morning when, despite a decided autumn "nip" in the air, the sunshine attracted crowds of Londoners to the Park

AND AFTER . . . The Row deserted on Sunday afternoon following the downpour during which as much rain fell as in the whole of the month previously. Scotland had the worst of the storm, while from many parts of the coast came news of shipping in distress

LIKE ANCIENT TAPESTRIES.—London is very jolly in October when intellectual interest revives. It is a joy to wander down Bond Street (or jostle down it) and look in at the art galleries and note the genius of those artists who down the ages have transferred to canvas and paper the magic touches of Nature—Corot and Cox, Sandby and Turner, Girtin and Gainsborough, Crome and Cotman. (Cotman to-day is the greatest of them all but his votaries must travel to Norwich). Pleasant to greet newly returned and bronzed acquaintances, to look in at the book-shops, and to study the newest tweeds. But once in a while—perhaps once in a decade—the original surpasses art. Once in a decade a happy set of weather coincidences produces an effect in the autumn woods which puts the countryside first and knocks London and art and intellectual pleasures off the map. It has been so this year. A windless month, following the right mixing of sunshine and rain, made of the foliage in the South of England such a riot of colour, dense and diverse and contrasting, as to take one's breath away, to banish the stern calls of duty, and to anchor a man in his own haven, drinking in the glories of autumn with his eyes. I never saw the like. Orange and scarlet, crimson and gold, purple and flame, russet and ochre, and every shade of brown. Down the combes, with their bordering walls of dark pines and carpets of golden bracken, cherries, shumachs, maples, geans, chesnuts, birches, azaleas, mingle and contrast in such a riot of colour that the eye is blinded and the heart too full for words. No, I never saw the like. It almost hurt. One's overmastering longing was to show the sight to all one's friends and to watch its effect upon them. And it had the curious power to recall vividly those "transformation scenes" in the Victorian pantomimes which are dormant memories of every man who was born in or before the 80's. And then at last the tardy equinoctial gales arrived. God blew with his wind and they were scattered, to leave not a wrack behind. Just a memory of departed splendour, like the Victorian age. "The sun is set," Mr. Inglesant said cheerfully, "but it will rise again. Come, let us go home." May it come again within a decade, for decades grow precious for the middle aged.

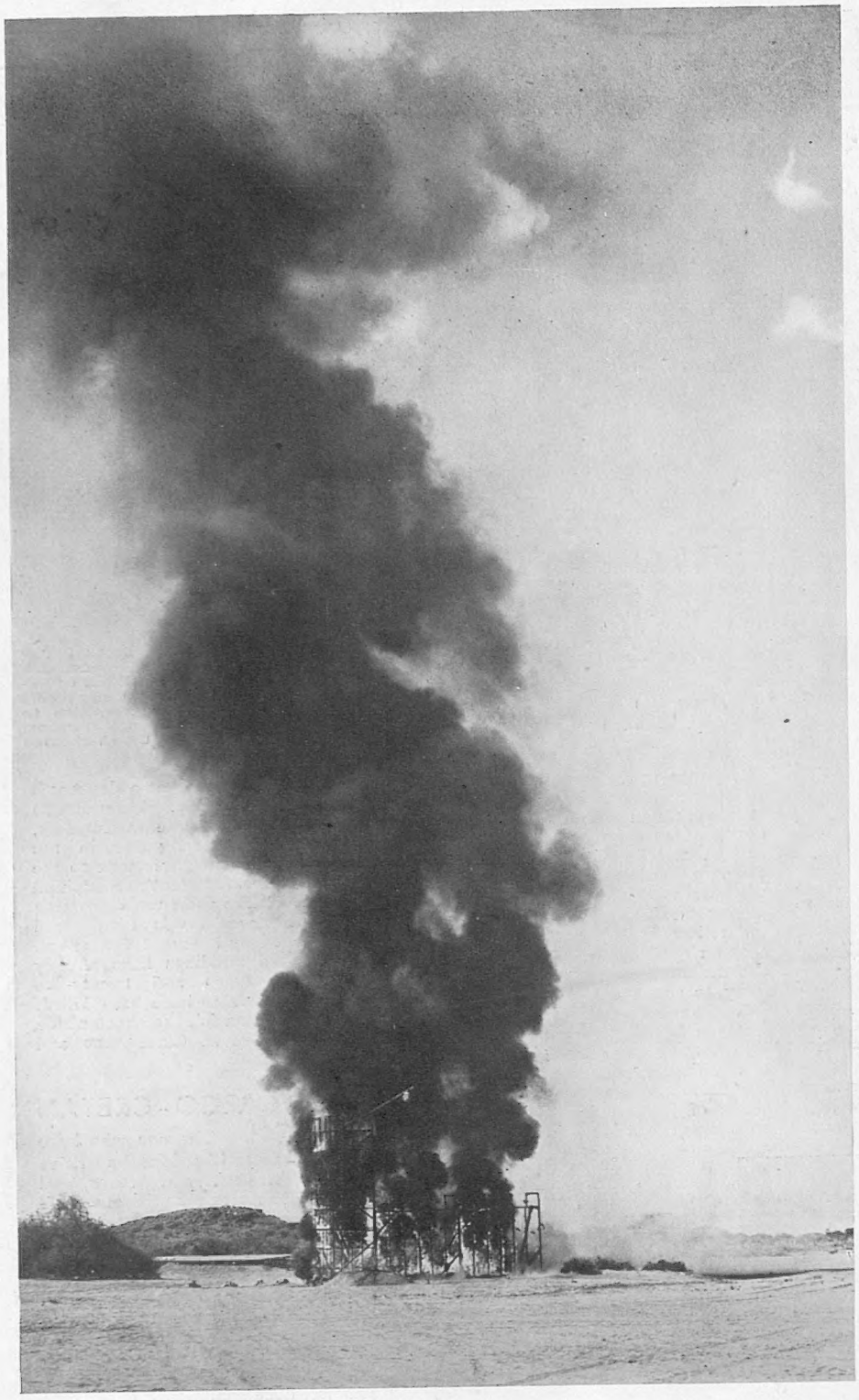
GALES AND EARTHQUAKES.—The equinoctial disturbances ushered in winter and even dared to tease the *Queen Mary*. Gales and an earthquake suggested that Nature was tired of watching man's puny efforts at convulsions and upheavals (a few score thousands killed in Spain; a few score millions of damage done to property; in Bombay 500 or so killed and wounded; in Palestine a yet uncounted toll, etc.). Nature can do the business very well when she tries and last week she gave Europe a reminder that when men are tired of killing each other for slogans, she is always ready to carry on. The Italian earthquake was nastier than at first appeared. St. Mark's, sadly in need of repair, was obviously shaken and the new damage done is not yet ascertained. The 'quake was of short duration and Venice missed the worst of it but it came at a dangerous hour—4 a.m.—the city lighting system failed, thousands ran out of their houses, there was terrible congestion in the streets and many in panic took to the canals in gondolas and launches. Behind the Doges' Palace there were alarming scenes as the dense crowds of frightened people surged and fought for space. Many cracked buildings have already been pulled down and twenty-five people are known to have been killed. Padua and Verona felt the shock which was most severe at Cordignano and Caneva.

THE GRECO-CRETAN EXHIBITION.—The men who have worked so long and hard for the British School of Archæology at Athens, and those who sponsored the present exhibition at Burlington House may well be disappointed by the public's interest. At an hour when visitors usually throng the autumn exhibitions, I found ten people studying the exhibits. We are more interested in our own day, we are always ready to follow the crowd. We queue up in our thousands to see a Hollywood star get into her car. But a complete documentation of the culture of races which were great 3,500 years ago leaves us unmoved.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE FILMS.—Not a doubt of it Shakespeare is box-office on the films. At long last Hollywood has learned its lesson and decided that a little humility and patient acquisition of knowledge pay dividends. The worst horrors and errors in American-produced films of British historical events and dramas are not likely to recur and even in the tricky business of producing Shakespearian comedies American and American-bound British producers are rapidly learning wisdom and gaining in knowledge and taste. I found not one jarring note in that admirable production of *As You Like It*. The glorious words were spoken by British actors with voices trained to declaim Shakespeare. And Shakespeare himself who belongs to no age and is modern of the moderns would have revelled in the scope of film dimensions and delighted in the mighty pageantry of his lightly flung-off comedies and dramatic tales. *Romeo and Juliet* offered opportunities not less large if it allowed rather less of Shakespeare to get across. America revelled in *Henry VIII* and is once more Shakespeare-mad and Tudor-mad. The hunt is up. The old fox has broken covert again and every film producer in civilisation has mounted his fleetest horse and is after him—and somewhere on Olympus Shakespeare and Bacon exchange jests and view the latest development with common interest if diverse sensations.

THE OLD STAGER

HEADLINED HAPPEN



BRITAIN PREPARED: This picture, which has just been released for publication, shows a target going up in flames during bombing practice at Gebeit, in the Sudanese desert not far from the borders of Eritrea, where an important R.A.F. station was established during the emergency arising from the Italo-Abyssinian situation. To this outpost were dispatched two Bomber Squadrons and while there they spent much time carrying out elaborate exercises

PLUNGING TO THE ATTACK: A striking impression of British planes at exercise over typical desert country in the neighbourhood of Gebeit, North-Eastern Sudan, where they were stationed as an emergency measure. The various manœuvres in which they took part were full of grim realism and had all the spectacular effect of a Royal Air Force display

THE JUBILEE OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, which is depicted in this engraving in course of construction, was celebrated in New York on Wednesday of this week. The giant figure, so familiar to travellers as they pass Bedloe's Island just before docking at Manhattan, was presented to the U.S.A. by the French nation to commemorate the centenary of American Independence and was the work of F. Bertholdi. It is 111 ft. in height (excluding the uplifted arm) and there is a staircase inside

EASTWARD BOUND: A Royal Air Force quartermaster checking the issue of wear them, as the *Dorsetshire* was about to leave Southampton for India with

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BELGIUM'S TROUBLED SUNDAY

King Leopold's Inspection Coincides with a Fascist Demonstration

KING LEOPOLD arriving to take the salute outside the palace at Brussels at a march-past of 10,000 ex-servicemen. The event coincided with an attempt by M. Degrelle and his semi-Fascist Rexist followers to stage a giant anti-Government demonstration, but thanks to the gendarmerie the march-past went through without a hitch and the activities of the Rexists were kept well within bounds

TAKING THE SALUTE: King Leopold, with M. Van Zeeland (the Premier) on his right, during the review outside the Palace. His Majesty received a tremendous ovation

CHEERS FOR THE KING: Ex-servicemen with their hats held aloft as they filed past the palace. Here and there a Rexist gave the Fascist salute, but his shout of "Vive Degrelle" was drowned in the general cry of "Vive le Roi" and "Vive l'Armée"—striking testimony both to His Majesty's popularity and to widespread sympathy with his recent pronouncement on the subject of Belgium's neutrality

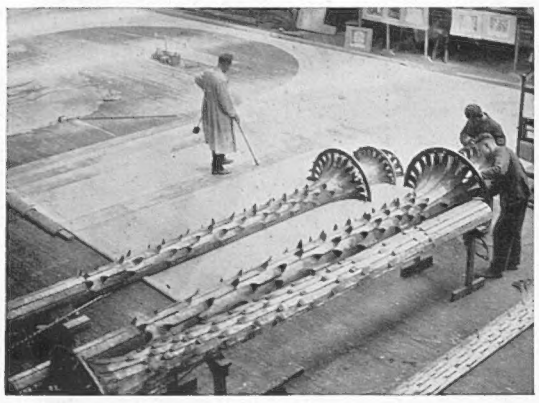
M. DEGRELLE'S DEFIANCE: The young Rexist leader (right) saluting from a window overlooking the Place Ste. Gudule where, in spite of the fact that the authorities had banned his proposed public meeting, he attempted to address his followers as they emerged from church after attending High Mass. His purpose was foiled, however, for as soon as he began speaking gendarmes, mounted and on foot, charged the crowd with sabres drawn, clearing the square of people within a few minutes. Later, M. Degrelle was arrested as he left the building and, together with some of his lieutenants, spent the rest of the day in gaol. He was released in the early hours of Monday morning

SHOW OF STRENGTH: A mounted patrol keeping the streets clear before the Royal review when it became apparent that trouble was brewing. "In six months, however, it will be I who will mobilise the armed forces if necessary," said the young Rexist leader in an interview on Monday. "I expect to be Prime Minister within that time, and if I were offered the post now I should be ready to accept immediately"

COMBING THEM OUT: Inspecting the permits issued to ex-servicemen so that they might pass through the police cordon and take part in the Royal review. In this way many would-be Rexist demonstrators were excluded

THE DRESDEN OPERA COMPANY IN LONDON

For the First Time in History Visitors to Covent Garden Bring their Own Orchestra, Properties, and Equipment



SCENE PAINTING IN GERMANY AND RUSSIA is done on a great expanse of floor on which the canvas is laid flat instead of hanging vertically as it does in England. This difference in technique is apt to cause difficulties when foreign companies visit London

THE forthcoming visit of the Dresden State Opera Company and Orchestra to Covent Garden—the season opens on November 2—has a rather special interest.

In the first place, Dr. Richard Strauss is to conduct his own *Ariadne auf Naxos* and when he takes his stand at the conductor's desk he will have before him, down to the last detail, the complete company as he has so often conducted it in Dresden.

For the first time in history a visiting company brings with it to Covent Garden its entire equipment from full orchestra and costumes, down to the last stage property and painted scene.

The transport of this unwieldy property has involved considerable cost. But it has presented also quite another problem.

At Covent Garden the enormous scenes are painted in the famous paint room, a lofty, barn-like hall at the rear of and high above the great stage.

Here, using enormous white-wash brushes and giant paint pots, the scenic artists work on a hung canvas that can be raised or lowered through a slotted floor at will.

English painters are used to this method, but German and Russian craftsmen are not. They work, as they were taught as apprentices, on the floor, stretching the enormous canvases over a large area and working over them like so many flies.

During the late ballet season a difficulty arose. The Russian craftsmen declined to have any dealing whatsoever with the Covent Garden wall frames. They demanded a floor. But there was no floor big enough.

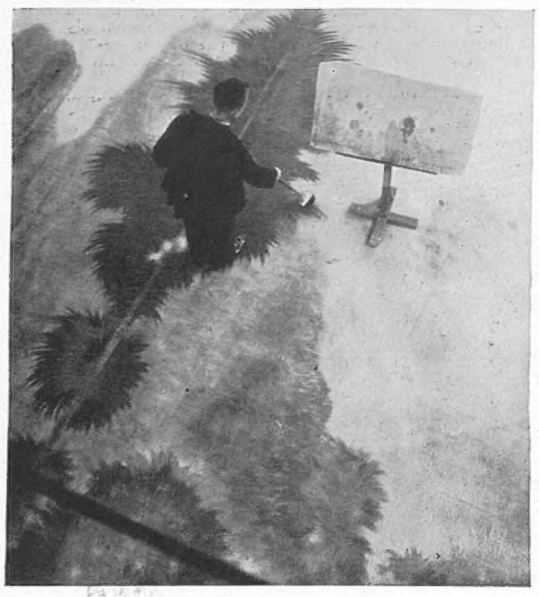
In the end it was decided to hire the Agricultural Hall and turn its huge floor space into a gigantic canvas.

That extreme measure will not have to be taken for the forthcoming Opera season, for the scenes of the seven operas to be produced were painted in Dresden and transported with costumes, lighting apparatus, and other properties to Covent Garden.

But there will be repairs, for stage scenery which so successfully borrows from modern lighting treatment the air of actuality, is extremely fragile.

Such repairs as may become necessary during the visit of the Dresden Company will be carried out in the paint room.

George Godwin

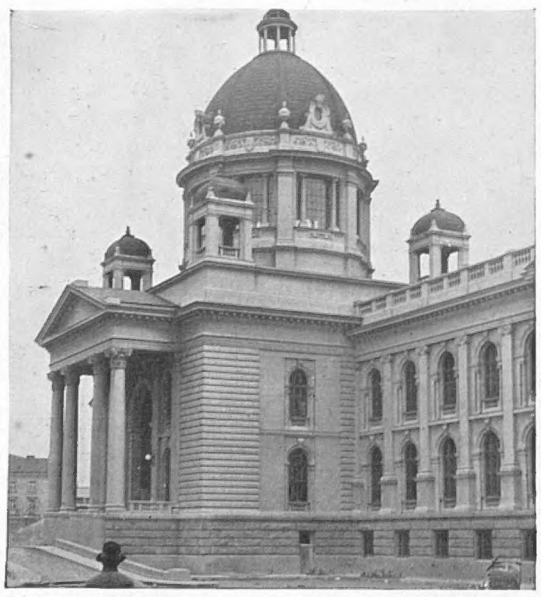


CONTINENTAL STYLE: A scenic artist at work painting a tropical tree on to the canvas on which he stands, using as a guide a miniature representation of the whole scene prepared by the chief designer

CITY OF CONTRASTS: The imposing headquarters of the Yugoslavian Ministry of Communications with mean dwellings in the foreground. A picture that gives an idea of the present architectural inequalities which, in the opinion of the municipality, give Belgrade such an untidy appearance and which have become increasingly pronounced with the rise of so many palatial buildings. An effort is being made to create greater homogeneity, and to this end double taxes are being levied on owners of one-storey houses in an effort to force them to demolish and to rebuild in a manner worthy of the capital

PATRIARCHAL PALACE: The recently completed residence of the head of the Yugoslav Orthodox Church; one of Belgrade's striking new buildings. The old shops facing it will probably be demolished shortly

THE ULTRA MODERN MANNER: This building, with a form suggestive of the fighting force it controls, is the G.H.Q. of the Yugoslav Supreme Air Command, and will eventually house the Air Ministry



THREE DECADES TO FINISH: The Parliament house or Skupshtina which was started in 1907 and not inaugurated until this month. It was delayed first by the great war and secondly by the widely prevailing superstition that its completion would coincide with the death of King Alexander. In 1934, when that monarch was assassinated at Marseilles, objections to its continuation were no longer raised

BELGRADE'S GROWING PAINS

Palatial Buildings Add to the Dignity of the City but Contrast Oddly with its Old Architecture

THE LITTLE ENTENTE AT THE CROSS-ROADS

Will the partnership break up and each member go its own way? Rumour to this effect has been started since Belgium surprised Europe with her new neutrality policy. In the following article C. F. Melville, who has just returned from Central Europe and the Balkans, outlines the situation and states his conclusions.

WHEN I was in Prague recently they were preparing a royal suite at the Presidential Palace of the Hrad, for the forthcoming visit of King Carol of Rumania. Sceptics say that this visit, like the declarations of unity between the three Little Entente Powers — Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia — at their recent Conference at Bratislava, is merely the putting up of a façade of unity to hide an inner disintegration.

They say that Czechoslovakia is attached to the Franco-Russian alliance; Rumania, since King Carol got rid of the Francophil and Russophil M. Titulescu, is more favourable to Germany; and Yugoslavia, under the premiership of M. Stoyadinovitch, is definitely anti-Russian, and pro-German; therefore, each is really about to go its own way.

Actually, the truth is somewhere between this view (the inspiration of which, incidentally, originated in Berlin) and the official declarations of complete unanimity all along the line between the three partners.

At the recent Little Entente Conference at Bratislava, at which I was present, the three States agreed that while preserving a common policy on matters of common interest, such as, for example, prevention of a Habsburg restoration in Vienna or Budapest and prevention of Hungarian territorial treaty revision, each one was at liberty to pursue an independent policy on other questions and to seek what outside friends it needed.

Thus, Yugoslavia, and to a lesser extent, perhaps, Rumania too, definitely dislike the French and Czechoslovak alliance with Soviet Russia (Yugoslavia will not even accord diplomatic recognition to the Soviet). It was agreed therefore that Czechoslovakia's pursuance of a philo-Russian policy was a matter for Czechoslovakia alone, while Yugoslavia was likewise free to pursue a friendly policy towards Germany, and Rumania with Italy or Germany or both.

On the purely Danubian questions, to deal with which the Little Entente was created, the partnership of three remains in full vigour. On other questions, where the three States have different individual interests, there is now a distinct tendency for each partner to go its own way.

Czechoslovakia, faced with the German problem, relies mainly on the alliance with Russia, although colourful and sensational stories of "Russian" aerodromes in Czechoslovakia, for an aerial war against Germany, are without foundation.

Germany supports the agitation of the Sudeten German Party in Czechoslovakia, with a view, amongst other things, to detaching Czechoslovakia from the Russian alliance. The giving up of that alliance is the price Berlin demands of Prague for a German-Czechoslovak settlement. Prague is willing to come to an arrangement with Germany, but not at that price.

Yugoslavia, which shares Germany's dislike of the Soviet regime, has certain common interests with Germany in regard to the Austrian problem, and, moreover, has an extensive trade with Germany, does not wish to be involved in any policies likely to disturb good relations between Belgrade and Berlin. This is not so much pro-Germanism as realism.

Actually, owing on the one hand to the pro-British feeling created by King Edward's recent visit to Dalmatia, and to a certain disenchantment with the working of the German trade agreement on the other, the position of Germany in Yugoslavia is not quite so strong this year as it was the year before. But it is still strong enough for Yugoslavia, although she would prefer to belong to a grouping headed by Britain, not to want to quarrel with the Germans in the meantime.

For the rest Yugoslavia is trying to keep out of rival European Fascist and anti-Fascist blocs, although she would prefer, as the lesser of two evils, even the bloc system to the creation of a European Consortium of Great Powers which might try to dominate the smaller European States.

Diplomatically and militarily, therefore, she is concentrating on the creation of close collaboration between the Balkan States. Hence the recent visit of the Rumanian Foreign Minister to Belgrade, and the present voyages of the Yugoslav Premier to Sofia and Ankara.

It seems that both Berlin and Rome are now trying to court Belgrade, and that M. Stoyadinovitch sees in this a practical opportunity to do good business for Yugoslavia.

This, however, would not justify the recent newspaper rumour—emanating from Belgrade, and so far not denied by official quarters there—that in the event of a failure to obtain a united Balkans Yugoslavia will throw in her lot with the German-Italian Fascist bloc.

Generally speaking, therefore, the real position of the Little Entente is stronger than one would suppose from the not altogether disinterested interpretations made in certain other Continental capitals.

IN EUROPE NOW

Pictures from Italy, Germany, and Rumania

THE ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE DISASTER: Some of the houses destroyed when a shock lasting 20 seconds recently occurred in the valleys of the Livenza and the Piave in northern Venetia and to a lesser extent affected Venice, where the town was thrown into darkness and the populace rushed panic stricken from their homes into the squares. The district of Sacile suffered most, and in one parish alone fifteen of the inhabitants lost their lives while all the buildings were badly damaged. At Conegliano the battlements of a side tower of the medieval castle collapsed and seven people were buried beneath the wreckage

THE RENOVATED ARCH OF TRIUMPH AT BUCHAREST which is to be inaugurated at a special ceremony on November 20. It now becomes a great national shrine as beneath it has been placed the body of Rumania's Unknown Warrior

COUNT CIANO IN BERLIN: The Italian Foreign Minister arriving for one of his conversations with Baron Von Neurath, the German Foreign Minister, when he went to Berlin last week to discuss Italo-German affairs

The FEMININE ANGLE

WINTER PARADE AT LONGCHAMP

Parisian Mannequins displaying some of the latest modes in fur coats. The weather was appropriately cold

AN ARISTOCRATIC STAR TURN

Countess Dora Haller (centre), who has become a professional musician, plays at a leading Budapest night club

HELENE MAYER: MISTRESS OF THRUST AND PARRY

A striking study of the German fencing champion who is chief instructor at Mills College, Oakland, California. Despite her non-Aryan origin, she was invited to take part in the Olympic Games

THE AUSTRIAN FASHION BOOM

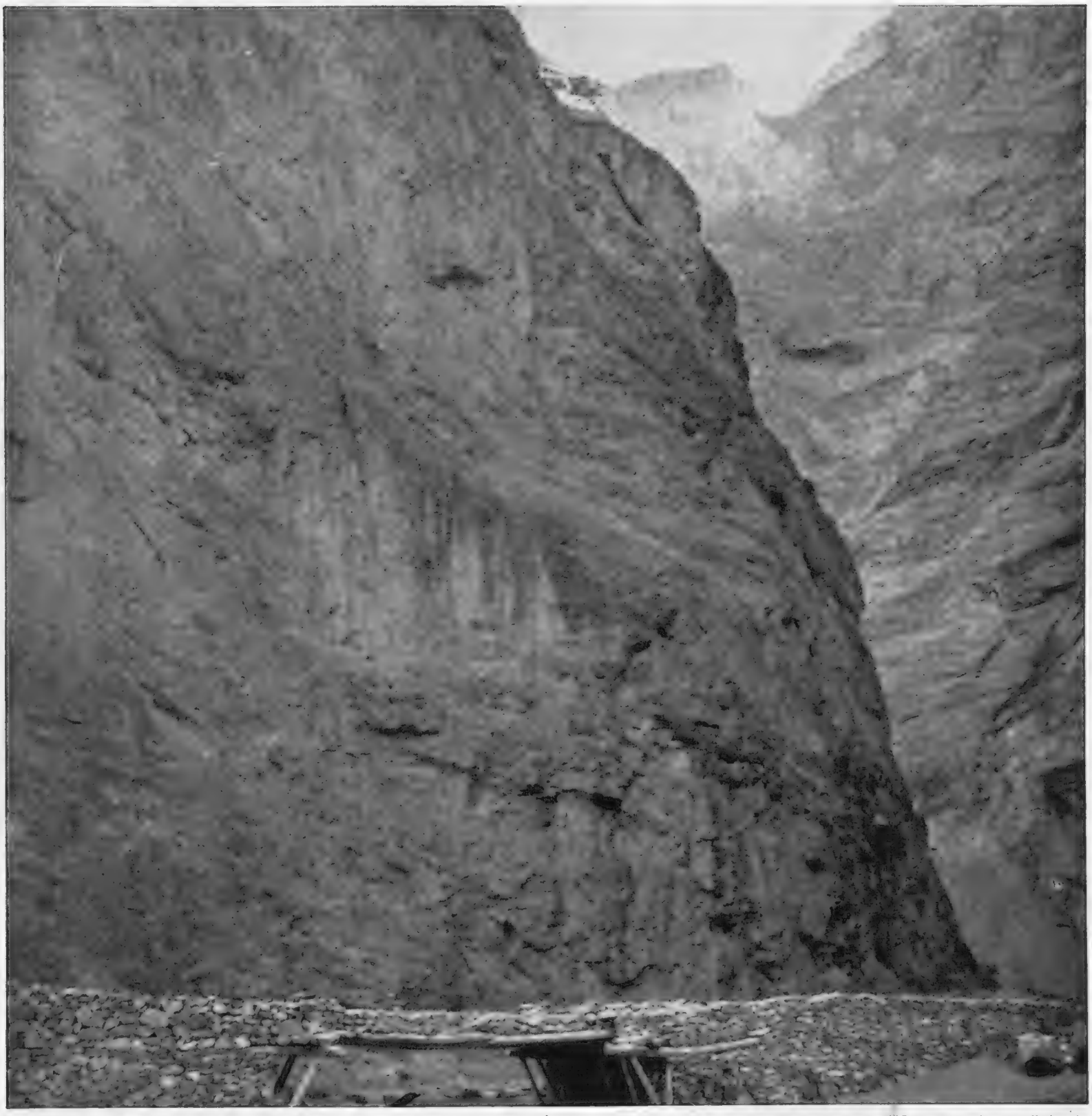
Mannequins walking along Bond Street in costumes of Tirolean inspiration; styles that are much to the fore

CROWN PRINCESS JULIANA VISITS HER FIANCÉ'S HOME

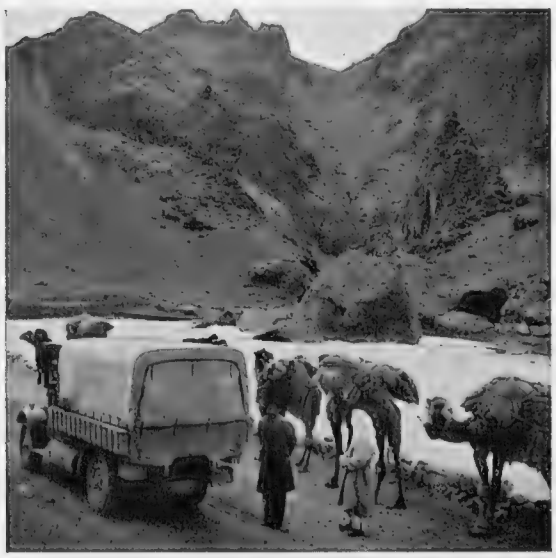
Her Royal Highness with Prince Bernhard, one of his brothers, and his mother, at Castle Reckenwalde, in the neighbourhood of Frankfurt-on-Oder, where they spent several days together

ALONG the FORBIDDEN ROAD from KABUL to SAMARKAND

Rosita Forbes Recounts the Story of a Remarkable Journey on Afghanistan's New Military Highway



"WHERE THE ROAD DWINDLES TO A THREAD BETWEEN PRECIPICES THAT SHUT OUT THE SKY": A bridge over a mountain torrent in one of the awe-inspiring gorges of the Hindu Kush range through which Rosita Forbes (as she describes in the accompanying article) passed on her journey along the great military highway built by the Afghan Government to link the capital, Kabul, with Mazar i Sherif, the city of the northern deserts. From there she travelled on to Samarkand, in the Uzbek Socialist Soviet Republic. The second section of the route is supposed to be closed to traffic, and the first section is definitely forbidden to all foreigners unless they have Government leave. Rosita Forbes is one of the four or five people who have been fortunate enough to obtain the necessary permission



PASSING A CAMEL CARAVAN: The ¾-ton lorry in which Rosita Forbes journeyed part of the way to Samarkand

FOR many hundred years there has been a route from China across the romantic Oxus river, now the Amu Darya, boundary of Afghanistan and the Soviet Central Asian Republics, into India. But the old "Silk Road," familiar to merchants and pilgrims in the Middle Ages, went by Balkh where Alexander camped, and Bamyan, valley of the giant Buddhas, whose ancient city was destroyed by Genghiz Khan—the "Scourge of God."

It was left to the late King, Nadir Shah, to conceive a new strategic road that should unite his capital, Kabul, with Mazar i Sherif, the holy city of the northern deserts and the Mecca of Central Asia. When his engineers started boring through the Surkhab gorge, they had no idea where the river rose, or where the road would come out. The Shibhar Pass, 10,000 ft. high and ice-bound for half the year, blocked the way. By a mighty

(Continued on next page)

THE LAST GORGE OF THE HINDU KUSH, beyond which the new road enters the dusty, windswept plains of Mazar

KABUL TO

ACROSS THE MAIN MASSIF OF THE HINDU KUSH: A typical stretch of the military highway where it traverses the great mountain barrier that divides Kabul from the northern part of Afghanistan. Its construction constitutes a remarkable engineering feat

(Continued from previous page)

ROSITA FORBES standing beside the lorry in which she started out from Kabul. She is carrying two pheasants bagged in the hills

feat, first of imagination and then of engineering, the present Government, completing the work of the murdered Nadir, flung their road straight across the main massif of the Hindu Kush and forced it for thirty-four miles through clefts that in places measure scarcely more than a lorry's breadth between cliffs several thousand feet high. From Kabul to Mazar i Sherif, bluest and most beautiful of Asian cities, legendary burial place of Ali, son-in-law of the Prophet Muhammad, is 382 miles. Of course, it is only a fair weather track, impassable in heavy snows, and at times it degenerates into a confusion of ruts across the Ghori steppes, or a line of frozen mud breakers rearing over the second great pass at Mazar. But, given the incredible difficulties of this mountain region, western-most link of the vast Himalayan chain, which deflected the conquerors from Macedon and Tartary, it is a magnificent achievement.

Captain George Galloway, whose camera is responsible for most of the photographs illustrating Afghanistan's new military road, and I left Kabul early one morning in a three-quarter-ton lorry laden with provisions, bedding, spades, and planks for use in the deep snows, fuel because the mountains are treeless, and three Muslims willing to suffer anything as a balance to the merit they would acquire by visiting the blue mosque of Ali at Mazar i Sherif.

First we passed through the fertile "Skirts of the Hill" valley, whence Batcha Saqai brought his bandits to the overthrow of Amanullah. Eastwards lay Curzon's "Singing Sands" that shift and drone in a gale.

At 10,000 ft. the track ran into frozen snow, and we passed the first camel caravans, laden with bales of carpets and caracul skins, for the legendary cities of Turkestan. After crossing the ice-bound Shibhar, we turned off the north road to see Bamyan, described in A.D. 632 by the famous Chinese traveller, Hiuan Tsang, as a city of great monasteries harbouring many thousands of priests and pilgrims, and the most important market on the caravan route from China to India. From the Government rest-house we had a view of the blood-red cliffs towering up to the snow-line. For several miles they were porous with caves which used to be the cells of hermits, and honeycombed with passages and the niches of colossal Buddhas. The largest existing statue measures 150 ft., and from the top of its head there is an excellent view of the valley where Genghiz Khan's favourite grandson was killed in battle.

Regaining the north road we came, on the third day, to Dowshi, a market on the edge of the Steppes, where, still 200 miles from Mazar, Afghanistan merges into Turkestan. In front of their straw shelters in the historic dust of Central Asia, squatted the first Turkomans, Mongol featured, with flat, hairless faces, wearing 'chapans' that resemble flowered dressing-gowns, vast fur hats and knee-boots of untanned leather. Soon we were on the Steppes, with wild horses stampeding across plains of lush, green grass, and camels standing knee-deep in pools of what appeared to be lilac water and on nearer approach became wild flowers. Round felt-covered huts—yurts—took the place of the Pathans' black tents. Like mushroom rings, they spread at the foot of the great grass dunes, or were transported neatly packed on bullocks, among flocks of black caracul sheep.

Mazar Pass did all but defeat us. A native lorry in front of us crashed over the cliff. Our radiator burst as we crawled up foot by foot, skidding in the frozen snow. Then the hand-brake broke, but by midnight, we reached the crest and began to creep downwards towards Haibak, where the old town lies deserted round a ghostly castle and the new town spreads expectant towards the North. Beyond, a scrag end of country, neither desert nor mountain, leads to the pass of Tashkurgan where the road dwindles to a thread between precipices that shut out the sky. Here is the last natural defence of Afghanistan against Russian invasion. Northwards lie the windswept plains of Mazar and the great desert whose dunes border the Oxus. The Soviet roads and railways stop abruptly on the other bank. There is neither ferry nor ford. South of the mile-wide river, boundary between the religious feudalism of Afghanistan and a socialism no less autocratic in the Republics of Usbegistan and Tadjikistan, Afghan divisions keep watch, but it is the Hindu Kush, first breached by the vision of Nadir Shah, which guards the road to Kabul.

Mazar i Sherif is said to number 6,000 houses. The ancient town, mud-built and flat roofed, gathers round the Hazrat Ali, a superbly beautiful mosque whose domes and minarets reflect the colours of a summer sea. Every tile is intact, and miraculously blue. The courts are crowded with worshippers from all over Asia. White pigeons drift about the roofs. Fruit trees break into a riot of bloom.

It happened that we arrived during the New Year Fair which is a season of pilgrimage. There was a huge bazaar at the gates of the mosque. Every street was lined with tea-booths, whose wooden couches, covered with carpets, spread into the midst of the traffic. Acrobats hurled themselves between towering poles, and shepherds who had travelled for weeks across the great plains, paying their way with caracul skins, stared upwards with open mouths, or crowded round the owners of fighting partridges, on whose prowess as much as 1,000 Afghanis might be wagered. With the exception of a few fanatics dressed largely in peacock's feathers, nobody objected to our presence, and when I parted from Mazar (and with it Captain Galloway who, as an official could go no farther into the forbidden zones of Central Asia,) I felt I was leaving behind a friendly, peaceful, and intelligent people whose leaders have already acquired the needs and the methods of civilisation.

From Ali's sacred city, I motored through soft sand to the last Afghan fortress at Askar Khana, and with a guard of mounted troopers, proceeded

GRANDEUR OF THE WESTERN HINDU KUSH: Afghanistan, some distance away from the for visited by members of the diplomatic corps ir

THE BLOOD RED CLIFFS OF BAMYAN: Lef which are cells formerly inhabited by hermits an

SAMARKAND

Rosita Forbes Tells the Story of Her Journey Along the Forbidden Road

IN THE HOLY CITY: The Hazrat Ali at Mazar i Sherif, a beautiful mosque whose "domes and minarets reflect the colours of a summer sea." In the season of pilgrimage the courts are thronged with people from all parts of Asia

thence in a cape-cart which soon sank axle deep at the foot of a dune. We unharnessed the horses and rode on, with bedding and provisions hitched behind us. Eventually we came to the Oxus, disconcertingly empty. At Kema Kesar, I slept in a straw yurt belonging to the Customs post while waiting for a Russian petrol barge to materialise from the far-off river port of Termez, whose red corrugated iron roofs and white warehouses could just be seen.

In such a craft, I chugged up stream and was landed, at long last, upon the shores of Tadjikistan. On the South bank, Afghans had regarded my voyage with horror. They said: "Across the river, you'll find no money, no food, no comfort." My welcome to the Soviet Republics was a Russian voice saying: "Where you've come from there are no factories, no clubs, no security at all—" Both statements are wrong. But curiously enough, both banks of the Oxus are equally afraid of British Imperialism, and as I approached the once romantic cities of Bokhara and Samarkand I was interested to note that just as Delhi attributes the Communism of middle class unemployed Indian youth to the pernicious interference of Moscow, so Tashkent, administrative centre of Soviet Central Asia, imagines an active British intervention behind any subversive movement.

Picturesque lake and mountain scenery in Eastern Kabul who have found the fishing there very good bidden military road. The place is frequently

—A distant view showing the rock face honeycombed with openings, some of some of which (*as depicted on right*) contain colossal statues of the Buddha

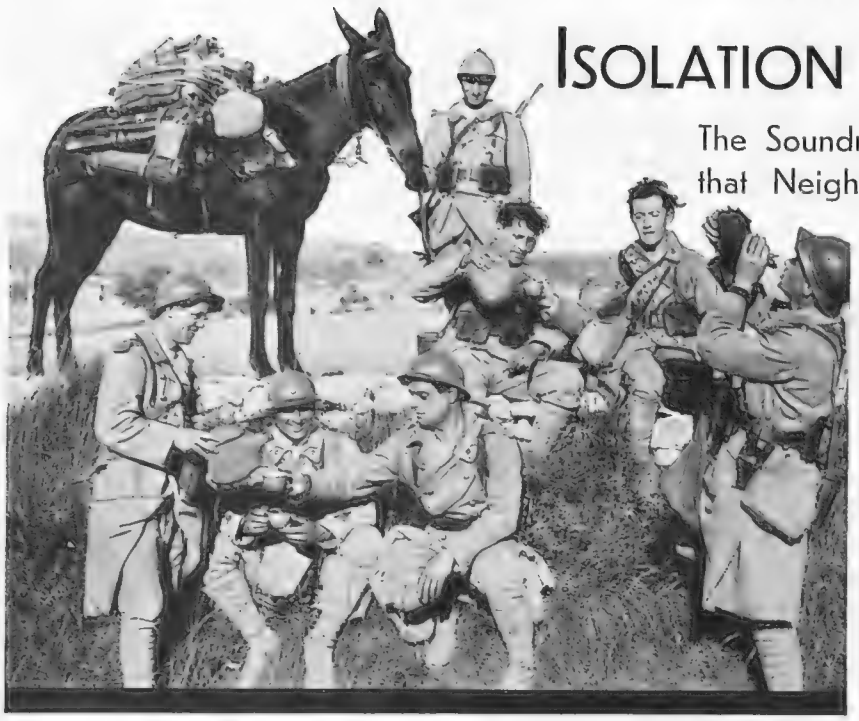
Probably Bokhara is still the most reactionary of Central Asian cities, for a hundred years ago when her population numbered 150,000 instead of 40,000, and her mosques and schools approximated to 140, she was the Oxford or Heidelberg of Islam, and the Mecca of pious students from all over the Muslim world. To-day she is sharply divided into old and new, and her inhabitants into post- and pre-Soviet generations. I saw only one woman wearing a horse-hair veil under the ragged cloak that covered her from head to foot, but every morning from the uncurtained windows of a communal lodging house, I watched stalwart Usbeg girls in shorts running round the beginnings of a public garden.

Old Bokhara is falling. The Tower of Death, 170 ft. high, and the tallest monument in Central Asia, still dominates the eleventh-century Kalan mosque and the huge university of Chir Arab, but the blue domes are peeling, and most of the tiles, coloured like sunshine and sea-water, have fallen. Interest is now concentrated on the new town, whose prosperity depends on the surrounding cotton fields. Upon the ruins and tombs of the Mongols rise cinemas and a theatre, clubs, colleges, an institute of tropical medicine, an electric light plant, and a hotel where beds, not rooms, can be hired for 10s. a night.

In Samarkand, also, the glamour of the golden road has faded. It is, at first sight, a charming new town, bisected by avenues of elm and poplar. It has an air of restrained gaiety, and youth from the Universities aud clinics dominates the streets. The houses are clean and newly whitewashed. Kiosks, cheerfully striped, sell all sorts of violent coloured drinks, and baskets of orange lilies appear in unexpected places. In fact, modern Samarkand, preoccupied with schooling and research, reminded me of a garden city in the Midlands. But from among the fine new buildings representing, alas, a progress that is not at all decorative, rises the Gur Emir, the tomb of Tamerlane. The lower half is still faintly blue. So is the façade of the entrance arch, but like all the other monuments I saw in Soviet Central Asia, it is rapidly disintegrating. So the road which begins among the snows of Kabul, ends in the dust of history and of progress upon the plains of Russian Turkestan.

BY THE BANKS OF THE OXUS: Stores being unloaded from a Soviet steamer on the Afghan side of the river

THE FORBIDDEN WAY: A map showing the route taken by Rosita Forbes on her journey from Kabul to Mazar i Sherif and thence across the Oxus to Samarkand in Russian Turkestan



"They might have to fight alone, under certain circumstances," Mr. Tuohy suggests

ISOLATION *and the* FRENCH ARMY

The Soundness of the Fighting Forces a Vital Factor now that Neighbouring Belgium has Forsworn Security Pacts

By FERDINAND TUOHY

KING LEOPOLD'S goodbye to the secretly claused alliance that his father arranged with the victorious Foch nearly seventeen years before, throws into relief the French army which for the first time for many a day appears in the West as an independent force, if some Frenchmen prefer the more alarming "isolated." In point of fact in front of us are crystallising not fewer than four such independent or "absolute" foreign hosts: of Holland, Belgium, France, and Switzerland. Even as Sir S. Hoare has said we are doing, the Continent is re-arming—absolutely.

With the three smaller of the above, the current position is tolerably clear. Each aspires to be left undisturbed in a declared neutrality, each would have it that the great tides of war sweep by lapping only at its frontiers: latest manifestation of an extravagant enough conception that has been steadily gaining in Balkanised Europe to the effect that the big Powers should be left to fight it out among themselves.

At first glance one might be tempted to ask what the French are additionally worrying over, since they seem to be receiving, gratis, reinforced armies to their right and left. *They* will never attack the Low Countries or Switzerland. Surely, therefore, it can only be a source of strength to France as pivot of the Western defence system that each of these small nations now intends to be self-reliantly armed and ready for all contingencies.

Nor is it idle chatter, this "being ready" or new "I'll hit you if you touch me" philosophy. Collective security having failed, as being too far ahead of this dynamic day, individual security remains to be tried out in post-war conditions, and the Governments of Berne, Brussels, and The Hague (bracketed in the young Belgian King's fateful address) are swiftly ensuing the popular will to rely primarily on the national strength. This is from Lucerne; and why are buildings beflagged and floodlit, bells pealing, why do the natives turn from bulletins glued up in the shop windows, appearing pleased, proud? Because £15,000,000, instead of the £4,000,000 asked for, has been subscribed in a rush to the Defence Loan. The triple-functioning Swiss army—shock-absorber, mobile frontier reserve, and general reserve—is at once to materialise, nine divisions instead of six, with a relatively copious air arm.

Holland is about to copy the special Belgian defence system in the ever-menaced Ardennes; there are to be two Dutch frontier corps, each some 10,000 strong, training therein to be for six months in a casemate-cum-watery adaptation of that standard modern Vauban effort, the Maginot Line.

Belgium, as things rest, is militarily ahead of the two small neighbours whose successful neutrality she so longingly covets. Recently, while stopping at Spa, I had occasion to note how even now vital points in proximity to the German frontier, bridges, rail and road junctions, and so forth, are permanently guarded, being already mined.

So why should France worry additionally?

I was in Paris when the Belgian blow fell. From the first there was an unmistakable *Et tu Brute!* atmosphere abroad. Sentimentally the French felt loneliertha n they had ever done before. *Les Belges nous ont lâchés!* Waiters said it to everyone. Yet hard, storm-laden Paris is scarcely the place to tarry with sentiment. Speedily the discussionsassumed a more practical note from which it was possible to disengage two main currents. The first had it that the plan of campaign for coming to Russia's aid was now seriously compromised. The second, that the unknown quantity of the French armed forces' state of mind (rather than morale) henceforth became a red-hot subject. Would *l'armée* march wholeheartedly in sympathy with an attacked U.S.S.R. or would there be dissensions, even breaking-away? In fact, was the Third Republic still in possession of a *national* army (which included the navy and the air force) or was it not? Both sides, Communists and Fascists, cried "*Vive l'armée!*"

Interpolated were hopelessly delayed cursings of Laval, for that shifty, too-clever-by-half customer having (mainly) put France in the crashing mess in which she to-day finds herself. Laval, who with one hand signed the Soviet Treaty and with the other encouraged an opposing Fascism, emasculating the League rampart in the process and weakening beyond repair the French system of alliances.

There would also be mentionings of "mortal March 7," date which bids fair to enter the French calendar of woe beside February 6, September 2, and a few more. March 7—the day Hitler was suffered to remilitarise the Rhineland, unopposed. To think, too, that he anticipated opposition! Had it not been placed on record that for days previously, when hearing the latest reports, his one and only comment ran: "*Will the French march?*"

But to resume briefly with that supposed compromising of the strategical situation—

The French are not certain that Hitler may not strike in the west, that all the anti-Russian hullabaloo may not be in the nature of a smoke screen. None other than General Weygand writes of the possibility of Germany once again violating neutrality and coming—rushing—round, either through Belgium or Switzerland, to take the Maginot Line in flank. On this account the slackening of ties with Belgium amounts to a definite loss. But there is more. Supposing—and this is the latest popular supposition, in that it solves the Polish barrier difficulty for Hitler—supposing Hitler made for Leningrad on the line Koenigsberg—Memel—Riga—Reval, with the object of winning, with Finnish collusion, a solid naval base in the Baltic once Leningrad were taken, thereby securing the ardently cherished frontier with the U.S.S.R. whence Germany could at any time subsequently proceed further against the Soviet without violating intervening Poland?

If such should prove to be what lies in store, what would now become of the French plan for going to the relief of Russia? Had not this reposed on taking the short cut through Belgium and Luxembourg to the vital Ruhr? That would now be barred. Not even the Belgian air could be used. Instead, the French army, standing alone from Longwy to Bale, would have to consider taking on the defensive system Germany was piling up, and which arose in the Eifel range, to proceed down through the Mosel and Saar country, and terminate in the mountainous Black Forest. Would the French army as a whole stand for that, even backed as it no doubt would be, by the useful Czech intervention? Conversely, would the French army as a whole stand for anything else, in the offensive-defensive line, *except* precisely a campaign in aid of an attacked Russia? It is all so puzzling. . .

What of the officers? What of the rank and file up the social scale? What, particularly, of the air force personnel? How far have members of the forces been contaminated by this and that doctrine? If all, without regard to enfevered political faiths, would automatically leap to the defence of the sacred frontier of France, in what degree might the leaping fall away, were it to be primarily called for in protection of Communist Russia, even if at the same time it meant the protection of France, the fulfilment of her covenanted word and negotiated policy?

If Frenchmen are not asking such questions out loud, they are whispering them. And you see where it all leads—fear of some Franco move, of an attempted military coup d'état based on Fascism, that would explode the nation in twain and be Hitler's Wotan-sent opportunity?

Frankly, more than a suspicion of "the Curragh, 1914" hovers over the French forces at this moment. Nobody knows how far the process may have gone, but that the engagement to pair up with Soviet Russia has been the severest strain for a multitude of professional soldiers, sailors, and airmen is certain.

How far has Colonel de la Rocque managed to form adherents from the officer caste and the 120,000 regular army? What about the Foreign Legion, with its 47 per cent. Germanic leavening—is it true that it is being reduced and closely shepherded in view of possible happenings in North Africa, where La Rocque is very popular? And—leading question of all—does the air personnel, so largely officer or long-term professional *engagé*, stand four-square Republican? Popular Front newspapers are keeping an eagle eye out for signs of Fascism in khaki and blue. A certain general officer makes a pro-Fascist utterance in Lorraine. It is at once reported by a local correspondent, and up goes the delinquent's name into the headlines. A circular from La Rocque's Social Party is found pinned up in the wardroom of a warship reconditioning at Nantes. It is removed, and if it happens again there will be a strike aboard.

Of the navy it can roundly be said that below-deck is Popular Front through and through, this deriving in part from the heavy presence of Bretons, who are apt to be extremist, as is also the second most prolific recruiting ground—Toulon-Marseilles. On the other hand, it is the fact that the bulk of the commissioned ranks, especially junior officers, were enthusiastically pro-Italian and anti-British during last year's Mediterranean crisis. Whether this sentiment has since become modified in view of the sure threat a conquering Italian Fascism would one day be to French North Africa—witness it already seeping into the crucial Balearics in the now stereotyped "It's a lie" manner—must remain unanswered. Was it not Bismarck who held that

(Continued on page 212)

On right—FASCIST PROPAGANDA: Parisians standing before a giant poster condemning the Socialist Government's policy. Another and even more dramatic announcement reads as follows: "Frenchmen do you want to be mobilised again? Do you wish to be compelled to join in the war which Moscow is preparing? The Popular Front promised you bread and peace. But already the price of commodities has risen beyond the rise in wages. Politically France was never so isolated. De la Rocque is right"

GUARDIANS OF THE FRONTIER: Members of an air patrol waiting beside their plane to report the results of a reconnaissance flight to an approaching land patrol. A picture illustrating the manner in which the mounted police and the R.A.F. worked together on Palestine's eastern border during the height of the trouble, keeping a constant watch for the armed Arab bands that used Transjordan as a base and came over the frontier to terrorise the Jewish population. Since the end of the Arab strike there has, of course, been less need for vigilance and, at the time of writing, the country appears to be making a rapid return to normal, incidents being comparatively few and far between

PALESTINE SIDELIGHTS

Haifa's Peaceful Record and other Matters

On Right—THE C.-IN-C. REVIEWS HIS TROOPS: Lt.-General J. G. Dill, commander of the British forces in the Holy Land, taking the salute at a march past in the Julian Way, Jerusalem

OASES OF PEACE: Haifa, where the ultra-modern block of flats (*on left*) was recently erected, and Tel Aviv where Jewish labourers are seen (*right*) engaged in railway construction, have the distinction of being the only two big towns in Palestine in which business continued on its normal course throughout the period of civil strife. As Tel Aviv is exclusively Jewish such a record is easily understandable, but at Haifa the population is mixed and many marvelled at the way in which Jew and Arab worked together with every appearance of amity, particularly in the building trade where important public works were completed while strikes were going on elsewhere. Haifa seems to refute the assertion so often heard that Arabs and Jews cannot live in harmony and that the only solution of the problem is segregation

ROOSEVELT STUMPS THE COUNTRY: The American President addressing a vast open air gathering at Denver, Colorado, in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, during his lightning election tour of the western States

REFUGEES SLEEPING IN THE OPEN after being rendered homeless by the forest fire which recently swept through south-western Oregon, laying waste enormous areas of the State

SAVING THE "BIG HOUSE"! Firemen, warders, and convicts who combined together to fight the blaze at Ohio State Penitentiary, Columbus. A picture taken after the flames had been got under control, but as clouds of smoke still issued from the smouldering wreckage on the ground floor

FATHER DIVINE, the American negro evangelist, who now has a nation-wide following, giving testimony in a motoring case in which he had to pay heavy damages

HERO OF THE HOUR: Tazio Nuvolari, Italy's crack driver, celebrates his victory in the 300-mile Columbus Day race held at the Roosevelt Speedway, Westbay, Long Island

START OF THE WORLD SERIES: Governor Herbert H. Lehman, of New York State, puts plenty of energy into the effort as, in traditional fashion, he throws out the ball to open the first baseball match of the season between the "Giants" and the "Yankees." Beside him is Mayor La Guardia

America's Chapter of Accidents

Floods, Fires, Tornadoes, Hurricanes, and Heat Waves Take a Higher Toll of Lives than Ever

THE history of catastrophe in the United States during the current year proceeds apace. It is estimated that by December 31 the year will have seen 110,000 deaths due to accidents, setting a new high record for the country. This estimate was made recently by R. L. Forney, secretary of the National Safety Council.

The previous high record of fatalities for one year was 101,139. Last year's total of fatalities was approximately 100,000. Of the 10,000 increase predicted for this year, about 6,000 will be attributable to the excessive and prolonged heat from which the country has suffered. Fatal automobile accidents, however, have been declining this year; and at the present rate they will total about 700 less than last year, when they number approximately 37,000.

Motor car accidents, other than fatal accidents, were estimated at 1,250,000, with a total economic loss, including property damage, of 1 billion 550 million dollars.

Mr. Forney also predicted that there will be 9,500,000 accidents which are not fatal by the end of the present year. He placed the economic loss to the country from accidents during the year at 3 billion 800 million dollars.

A total of 40,000 people will die in accidents in their homes (50,000 comes fairly close to being the size of the typical American city); and 5,000,000 people, approximately the population of New York City, will be disabled in accidents in their homes. The economic loss involved will be in the neighbourhood of 650,000,000 dollars.

Floods, fires, tornadoes, hurricanes, snake-bites, poisonings, and firearms will account for additional deaths and disabilities.

Scarcely had the hurricane which swept the Atlantic coast from Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, to Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, abated, when a fierce forest fire broke out in south-western Oregon on the Pacific coast, destroying 10,000 acres of priceless timber, menacing the irreplaceable redwood groves of north-western California, wiping out three communities, rendering about 2,000 people homeless, and claiming perhaps a score of lives.

Meanwhile, in the wake of the great heat, toward the end of September, 17 ins. of snow fell in Denver, Colorado. The previous "high" for an early snow in Denver was 11 ins. The snow descended upon trees on which the summer foliage had not yet begun to turn with the autumn. This foliage served to hold the snow until its great weight brought the branches crashing to the ground. Public utilities services were interrupted. Damage to the city that nestles at the foot of Pike's Peak ran into the millions of dollars.

Toward the end of September, also, central Texas was swept by disastrous floods, four rivers going on the rampage. At Waco, where it became necessary to declare martial law in the eastern part of the city, the Brazos River rose to 41 ft. for an all-time high record, destroying 5,000,000 dollars' worth of urban property, and a cotton crop valued at 1,500,000 dollars; 2,000 people were forced to abandon their homes.

Loss of life throughout central Texas was held to a minimum by what is believed to be some of the most rapid and efficient rescues of flood victims with boats on record. Between 16 ins. and 20 ins. of rain fell on the Conchos River, a principal tributary of the Colorado River (not the famous Colorado River, but a river of the same name in Texas) bringing the river to a new high, and sweeping everything before it. A lone cowboy "headed for the last round-up"; striving valiantly to drive his cattle out of the path of the oncoming wall of water, Gaynor McBee, aged sixty, employed on a local ranch, was carried to his death near Milburn. A family of eight was missing near Bowser.

The Colorado River rose to a height of 62 ft., a new high record, and the flood extended for several hundred miles along its course, washing out thirty-five lengths of rail on the Texas and New Orleans railroad and a 50,000-dollar railroad bridge on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad at Winchell.

Houston Harte, publisher of the San Angelo *Standard-Times*, estimated the damage in San Angelo at 5,000,000 dollars. Government authorities thought that 2,000,000 would be nearer the figure, but, as the work of clearing the debris began, they were said to be visibly impressed by the extent of the ruin.

It will be a long time before the total damage due to the floods can be known. Texas is a huge State—considerably larger than the old German Empire (without its colonies). Recently I crossed the State over the longest rail distance, from El Paso in the extreme south-west corner to Texarkana on the Arkansas State line, a distance of 875 miles. I was riding on the crack train of the Texas and Pacific, and reached New York City in two and one-half days, but I spent fifteen hours of that time crossing Texas.

I passed through the country that has since been devastated, mostly of a gentle, rolling type, seldom saw a town, almost never a ranch house. When all the returns are in 10,000,000 dollars will be a conservative figure for the total loss.

The people of Texas have had a difficult time of it for four or five years. Repeated droughts and floods, and violent dust storms that have turned the day to night for days on end have killed their cattle and ruined their crops. Now they are facing another menace. Even in El Paso, which did not see a snowflake last winter, it is already bitterly cold, and in El Paso even a light top coat is seldom imperative before the end of November. In three winters in El Paso I did not see enough snow to make one good Christmas Day.

Nelson Springer

CHINA'S CONSCRIPTS IN TRAINING

The New Army and its Modern Equipment

PORTABLE RANGE FINDERS handled by young recruits of the Chinese Central Government's Army which is now being increased in size and efficiency. When on the march these instruments are packed away in long metal containers

COUNTERING THE AIR MENACE: *Left*—Recruits with a giant searchlight of distinctly modern design. It is mounted on a lorry, and is intended for use by the anti-aircraft detachments, whose work it is to focus their beams on enemy planes during night operations so that the gunners can get the range. ON THE SQUARE: *Right*—A party of men in the thickly wadded tunics which are always worn by the Chinese army during the winter months

"RED CROSS" GIRLS watching a doctor giving a demonstration of how a temporary dressing should be fixed

According to the latest figures available, the fighting strength of the forces under the control of China's Central Government is round about 1,000,000 men, but such is the tension in the Far East, that the army is being considerably augmented, a military conscription law having been recently announced. This measure provides for a period of two years' training for all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five and the pictures on this page show some of the new conscripts at work. Women, it will also be noted, are being employed in the "Red Cross"

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT S.P., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

FROM A PAINTING BY S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH, R.A.

C.F.H.

A FORTUNE IN AN ATTIC: This painting of Mary Magdalen was recently found in a heap of rubbish in a 300-year-old house near Genoa and on being taken to Rome was recognised by Professor Venturi, a noted expert, as a splendidly preserved work by Albani (1578–1660) the master of Bologna who achieved fame with his frescoes on mythological subjects

ART TREASURE TROVE

Four Important Finds of Painting and Sculpture Including a Watteau and an Albani

"FRÈRE BLAISE": The full length portrait of an old monk discovered in France this summer by M. Georges Wildenstein and identified by him as a Watteau that has been missing for two centuries. It is now included in the exhibition at the Wildenstein Galleries, Bond Street

"PORTRAIT OF AN ACTOR": A stone bust found by M. André Seligmann, the well-known Paris art expert, at the bottom of a garden where it had remained a considerable time exposed to the erosion of the elements. It is identified as the work of Rude (1784–1855)

THERE have been some remarkable art discoveries of late, and undoubtedly the most interesting is the Watteau found by M. Wildenstein in a dusty old frame labelled Velasquez. The story of how it was recovered is being kept a close secret for the present.

Although the actual painting had vanished, this missing masterpiece was known to have existed by an engraving made in Watteau's lifetime, through which the identity of the sitter is also known. It is a full-length portrait of an old monk, Frère Blaise, who for fifty years was the porter of a monastery in Paris.

Two lesser but none the less important finds are the examples of sixteenth- and eighteenth-century sculpture brought to light by M. André Seligmann.

The bronze head of Vitellius is certainly a very remarkable piece of work produced by the Italian master, Lombardi. The thick, brutal neck; the thin, cruel mouth; the heavy jowls; the callous, calculating eyes, so ably rendered in this bust, recall similar traits in the portraits of Nero.

Little is known of the life and work of Lombardi, except that he was born in Ferrare, in 1497, and was patronised by Cardinal Hippolytus, who was a cousin of Clement VII. Clement VII was one of the patrons of Michelangelo, whose art had a marked influence on Lombardi. Lombardi excelled at portraiture.

IMPERIAL PRODIGAL: This bronze head of Vitellius, Otho's successor and Vespasian's predecessor as Roman emperor, is another find by M. André Seligmann, who states that it is without doubt by Lombardi, the 16th century Italian sculptor. Vitellius, who reigned for less than a year and whose position was always insecure, was lazy and notorious for his self-indulgence, characteristics discernible in this representation of him which is very probably based on a work dating from his own lifetime

Rude, creator of the sculpture which has just been acquired by Algiers Museum and is reproduced on the left of this page, is remembered for his clever portrayal of character and interpretation of movement. His best-known work is the bas relief on the Arc de Triomphe, "Le départ des Volontaires en 1792."

d

MADRID—T

RED CARMEN: Señora Dolores Ibarruri, popularly known as "la Passionaria," and a member of the Spanish Parliament, making a dramatic plea to citizens to rally to the defence of Madrid and "to give their last drop of blood in the loyalist cause." Since the start of the civil war she has devoted all her energies to securing support for the Government, but long before that she had achieved nation-wide

DEFENDERS OF THE CAPITAL: Militiamen waiting at a level-crossing for a troop train to take them south to join their comrades in resisting the rebel advance. They are typical of the raw, ill-equipped recruits that have been fighting for the Government ever since the start of the civil war, and although showing courage, have been quite unable to cope with their numerically inferior but experienced foes. Their worst failing is their refusal to obey orders without question

A DASH

THE CLOSING PHASE

notoriety, her speciality being the haranguing of crowds from the centre of the arena at bull fights where she put forward views of the most revolutionary character. Señora Ibarruri was one of eleven children of poor parents and at the age of fourteen went to work as a servant, later marrying a miner from Bilbao. Her two children are being brought up in Moscow. *On left*—An armoured car used by the reds for patrolling the roads

PREPARING TO MEET THE REBEL ONSLAUGHT: Militiamen engaged in loading machine-gun belts at a temporary armoury set up on the Toledo-Madrid road. The man seated in the centre bears on his forage cap the letters C.N.T., which denote that he belongs to the powerful Syndicalist organisation known as the National Federation of Labour, one of the dominating and extreme elements on the Government side

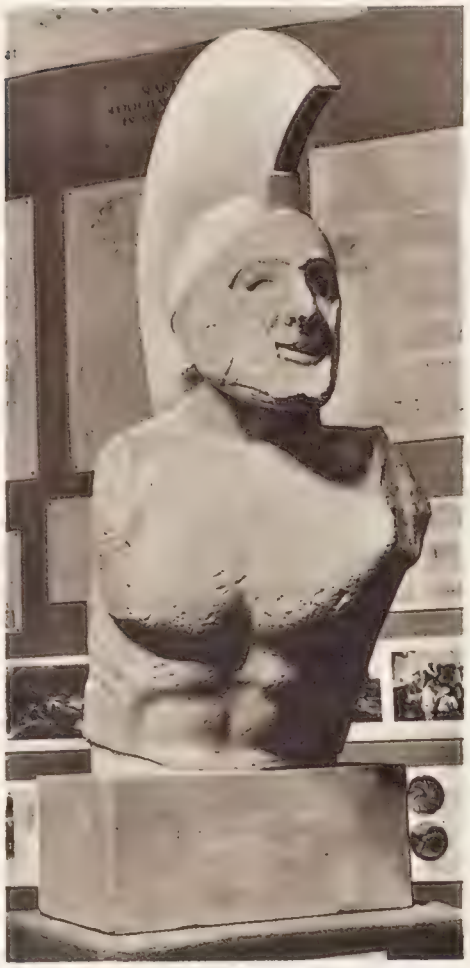
ASH ACROSS THE OPEN: Loyalist recruits undergoing training near the Getafe Barracks to the south of Madrid. They were among those who responded to the urgent appeals for more men made by Señor Caballero and his propagandists immediately it became apparent that the capital was in serious danger of falling. Others were not so quick to join up, so the women organised parades and combed the restaurants, exhorting the laggards to go out and fight or at least help in the building of fortifications and trenches

THE BULL-FIGHTING MAIDENS OF CRETE

And Other Notable Exhibits from the Royal Academy Archæological Exhibition

A BOY GOD IN IVORY AND GOLD: One of the many beautiful, sacred statuettes unearthed in the royal tombs of Crete and now on view in the special section dealing with Minoan culture at the Royal Academy Exhibition of "British Archæological Discoveries in Greece and Crete"

MINOAN POTTERY: Large jars bearing the bold designs associated with many such finds in Crete



THE ONLY EXISTING LARGE REPRESENTATION OF A SPARTAN WARRIOR: It was found by members of the British School at Athens while excavating Sparta's Roman theatre

A FEMALE TAUREADOR: A coloured relief (largely restored) showing a girl performer in the Minoan bull sports which are believed to have formed part of a religious ceremony in early Crete. The palace at Knossos has numerous paintings on this subject

A YOUTHFUL ACROBAT ABOUT TO TURN A SOMERSAULT ON THE BACK OF A GALLOPING BULL: Another exhibit relating to the sacred bull-grappling sports of the Minoan period. *On left*—A cast of a horseman from the Acropolis representing a winner in a horse race. He wears a victor's wreath

A SPECTACULAR TURN: A Taureador fresco showing a girl performer seizing the horn of a charging bull, on the back of which a youth is turning a somersault while a female attendant stands behind, apparently ready to catch him in the approved circus manner. It comes from the North-East border of the palace at Knossos and, although the style is not that of the finest period, it illustrates admirably the skill and daring of the athletes of both sexes who engaged in the bull sports of the Minoan arena

To the archæologist there is hardly an item in the present exhibition at Burlington House that is not of absorbing interest, but the exhibits which seem to have captured the imagination of the general public are those relating to the bull grappling sports of ancient Crete. It seems evident that these sports were of certain religious significance and they clearly provide a link with the legend of the Minotaur, or bull of Minos, for whose grisly meals Athens was forced to pay annual tribute of her children

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Pictures by John Topham

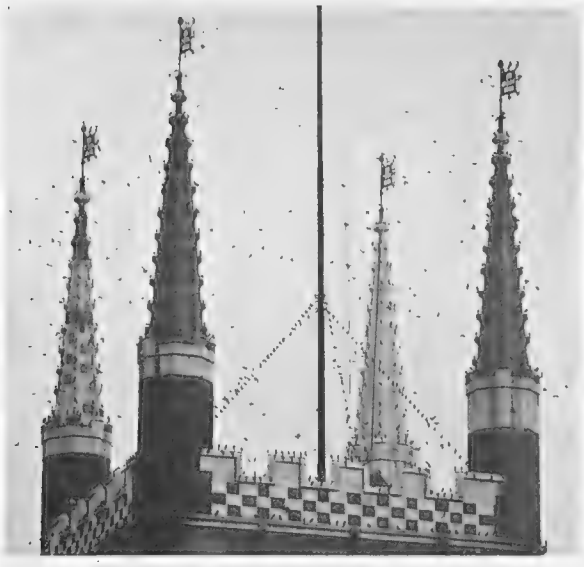
THE ANCIENT LIME KILNS NEAR SEVENOAKS which antiquarians believe to be the oldest in England. It is known that they have been in operation for at least 700 years, and it is feasible that the fire has been out fewer than a dozen times in that period

ONLY TWELVE MILES FROM LONDON BRIDGE: Maize being harvested at Sidcup, Kent. Corn on the cob is usually obtained from this crop but in this instance it is intended as cattle food. It has many other uses, too, the fibres of the culm affording a kind of yarn, and the husks making saddle stuffing

ALMOST AS GOOD AS A SALAD! It must have taken not a little urging on the part of the ploughman to bring his horses back to the task in hand after they had sampled the succulent shoots growing in the hedge at one end of the field they were engaged in ploughing

OCTOBER MIGRATION

An Annual Miracle



THE STARLINGS "RALLY": An animated scene on the tower of Southwark Cathedral as the birds congregate at roosting time. A familiar sight, particularly at this time of year

IN October countless millions of migratory birds are on the move in north-western Europe. This is indeed the month of some of the greatest manifestations of migration which affect the British Isles. The numbers taking part in autumn, with the young generation still nearly at full strength, are greater than in spring.

One phase of the movement began many weeks ago, and was practically completed by the middle of the month. That is the withdrawal of our summer visitors, the birds which nest here but seek more congenial winter quarters farther south. Some travel to the northern tropics, while others cross the equator to find a second summer in the temperate region of the opposite hemisphere. The small insectivorous song-birds bulk largely among these summer visitors. To name only a few, we have the nightingale, the wheatear, the swallow and its kin, and warblers of many sorts. Among other kinds of birds, there are the swift, the cuckoo, and the turtle-dove.

The exodus of these birds began while it was still high summer. Probably all the adult cuckoos had left before the end of July, as well as advance parties of many other species. August saw the departure of the main body of the swifts, for instance, and in September the emigration as a whole was at its height. After the first part of October only stragglers remained.

Of these summer visitors the swallow is ever the proverbial type. The last individuals left during this month, but most went earlier and the vanguard is already due in South Africa. At Cape Town they first appear about the end of October, and they are common from November till March. They do not breed during their stay, although it is of course the nesting season for native birds.

Occasionally a few odd swallows may survive a mild winter in northern latitudes. That is purely exceptional, however, and it more often happens that those who linger too late pay the penalty. This year many swallows were overtaken by hard weather in Austria at the beginning of October. Those which were rescued, and transported by aeroplane across the Alps, doubtless represent a mere fraction of the total. Five years ago this same thing happened on a great scale, when a wintry spell came in September. The catastrophe was such that the numbers of birds nesting in the following year, in some parts of the Continent, were noticeably reduced.

Another phase of migration is now at its maximum. That is the influx of those hardier travellers which find winter quarters in the British Isles. In October and November these cross the North Sea in vast hordes from Scandinavia, Russia, and the Baltic countries: others reach us from Iceland and Greenland. By the end of this month there may thus be noticed, even in the vicinity of London, various birds quite unknown in summer. Among these, notably, are two species of thrush—the fieldfare and the redwing. There is also the brambling, which may be seen in flocks with other finches in such places as Epping Forest and Windsor Park. We count the snow-bunting, too, as a winter-visitor, although a few remain in summer to nest on Scottish mountain tops. On the coast we may find northern species of duck,

FRIENDS IN NEED: Viennese girls with swallows picked up in the city where they had fallen exhausted during their annual southward flight. An organisation is now in existence to collect the birds and send them by plane to Italy

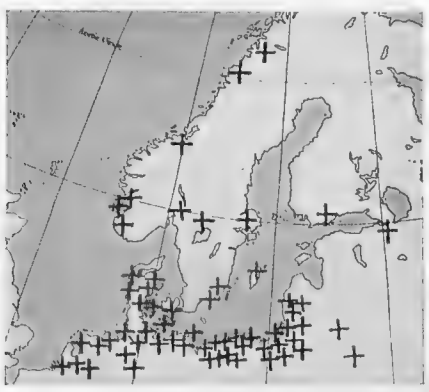
such as the golden-eye, geese of various kinds, and shore birds such as the sanderling.

It would be a mistake, however, to think of migration only in terms of species which are absent during part of the year. Some of the greatest movements, in point of numbers, are those of birds which are known to us at all seasons. There is, for instance, a great autumn immigration of rooks, of skylarks, of wood-pigeons, of mallard, and of many other familiar birds. Some of these pass on, so that there is further emigration to the south: others remain to swell the native population for the winter.

The starling is the notable example of this. The British-born individuals are resident, performing at most local movements within the country. In autumn, nevertheless, others of their kind make long journeys and reach our shores from overseas in enormous numbers. The spectacular evolutions of the great flocks which resort nightly in winter to particular roosting places, including buildings in the heart of London, are visible evidence of the increased abundance of the starling at this season.

Appearances and disappearances of certain species, with changes in the abundance of others, are all that most of us witness of migration. The actual flight is seldom seen except by alert observers on the coast, or on islands or ships at sea. This is partly because much migration takes place by night, when it can be detected only by cries heard from overhead.

A. Landsborough Thomson



TRACKING THEM DOWN: The crosses on this sketch map of North Western Europe mark the spots where starlings, which had been "ringed" in Britain in winter, had taken up their quarters in the following breeding season. It will be noted that the majority congregated on the southern shores of the Baltic, in Denmark, Germany, and Lithuania. (*Reproduced from* Bird Migration *by A. Landsborough Thomson. Publishers, Witherby*)

THE THREAT TO FINCHINGFIELD: This lovely little village near Braintree, Essex, is known for its delightful old-world cottages, but it now transpires that a Ministry of Health Inspector has recently condemned more than half of them as insanitary and unfit for human habitation. Seventy-seven of the cottages have already been scheduled for demolition

THE CHARM OF THATCH AND WHITEWASH: Typical cottages at Little London, Finchingfield, where the Ministry of Health's drastic action has been the subject of bitter criticism. The parish council has taken the matter up, and at a protest meeting it was pointed out that there was no necessity for wholesale demolition, as most of the houses could be reconditioned without difficulty and at comparatively small cost

A DILAPIDATED ROW: A group of cottages on the outskirts of the village. *Below*—Looking across the stream towards the centre of Finchingfield

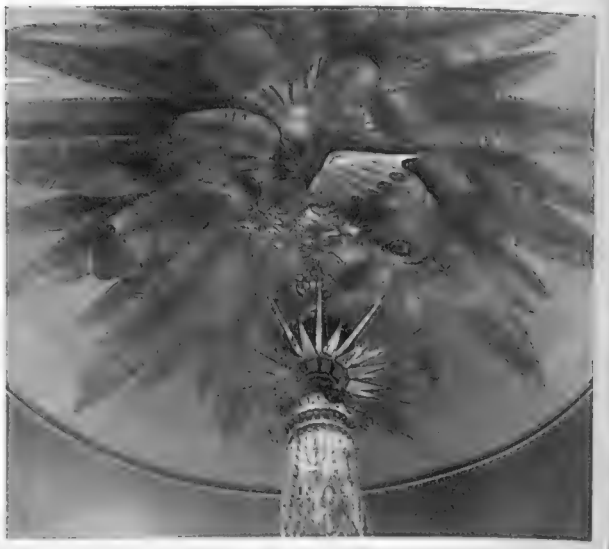
Many will regard the wholesale condemnation of Finchingfield's cottages as nothing less than an act of vandalism, for these old thatched homes are intensely picturesque and fully worthy of preservation. The fault, it seems, does not lie with the Ministry of Health, which is merely doing its duty, but with some of the landlords who refuse to carry out repairs as they have bought the cottages in the hope of obtaining substantial compensation when they are demolished. "I have been in some of these condemned houses," writes Douglas Went, "and it appears that with a little work done on them they would be capable of outlasting many of our modern houses, for their oak beams are still in perfect condition"

Vandalism in an Essex Village

RESTORING BRIGHTON'S REGENCY PAVILION

The Original Chinese Decorations Revealed with the Removal of Later and Less Artistic Overpaintings

SURVIVAL OF THE AGE OF LEISURE: The Royal Pavilion, Brighton, which was designed in Oriental style by the great John Nash and on which the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) spent enormous sums between 1784 and 1827, particularly on internal adornment. In the last 100 years, however, much of the original decoration has been obscured by overpainting, but now the Estate Committee is carrying out a scheme of restoration and the Regency beauty of the place is being revealed for all to see



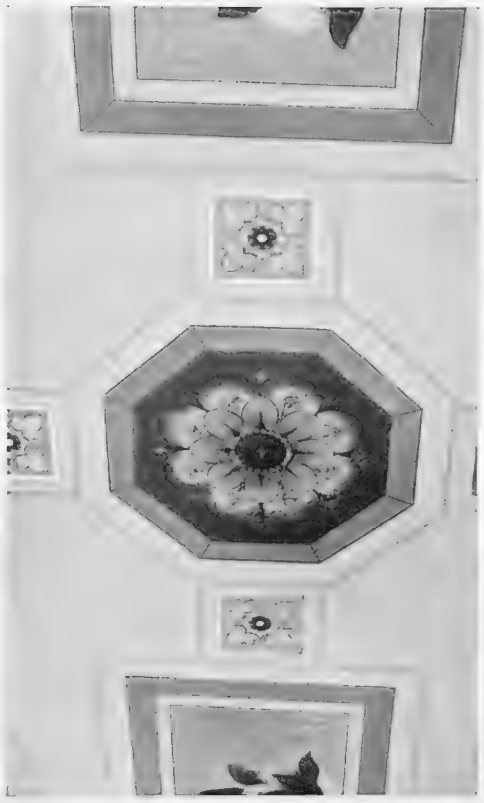
A GOLDEN DRAGON POISED AMONG LEAVES is the central motif of the old ceiling in the Banqueting Room, once again brought to light through the skill of the modern restorer

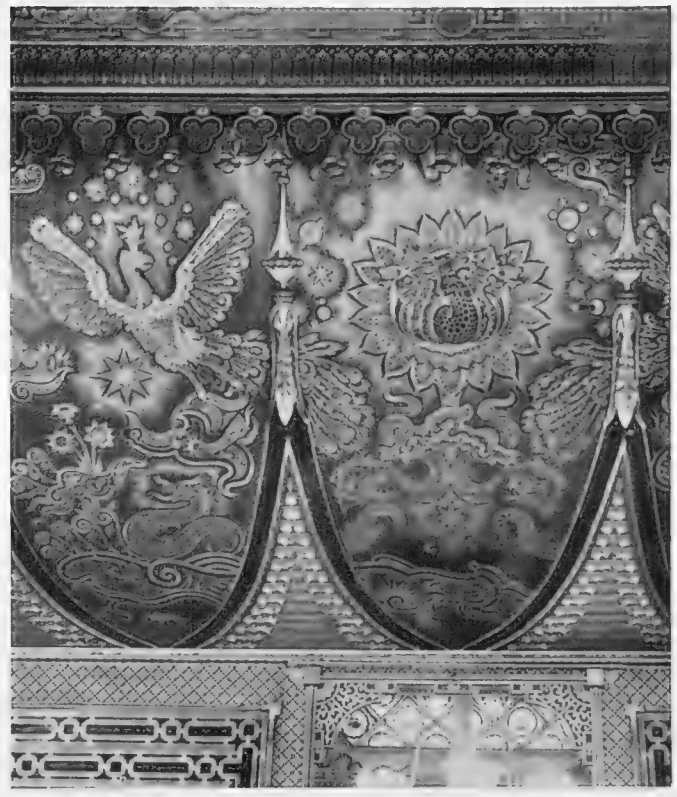
The accompanying pictures, which have been specially taken for "The Sphere" by William Davis, reveal in detail the remarkable work being carried out at Brighton by Major Frank A. Jupp and Mr. W. Frost in restoring the State apartments to their pristine splendour and, in so doing, removing much later work that is worthless and out of keeping with the Regency atmosphere of the place. At present attention is being devoted to the south drawing-room and such is the intricacy of the task, that it will probably be many months before the restoration is complete

"A MOTHER APPEALS FOR SUCCOUR TO A YOUNG CHIEFTAIN": This picture does not belong to Regency days, having been completed for the Pavilion about the year 1864 by Tory Drury, a clever Warwick painter. At a subsequent date it was overpainted together with the rest of the artist's work, and so it remained until the restorers started their operations in the Banqueting Room

PATIENT TOIL: Mr. W. Frost at work on the border of pink Chinese fret hidden until now behind the heavy dark-coloured canvas, in imitation of embossed leather, which was placed over it in 1898 when the walls of the drawing-room were redecorated. As mentioned above the ceiling of this room is also being restored, and the picture shows the design (left) carried out between the years 1822 and 1825 and (right) one of the coatings subsequently covering it

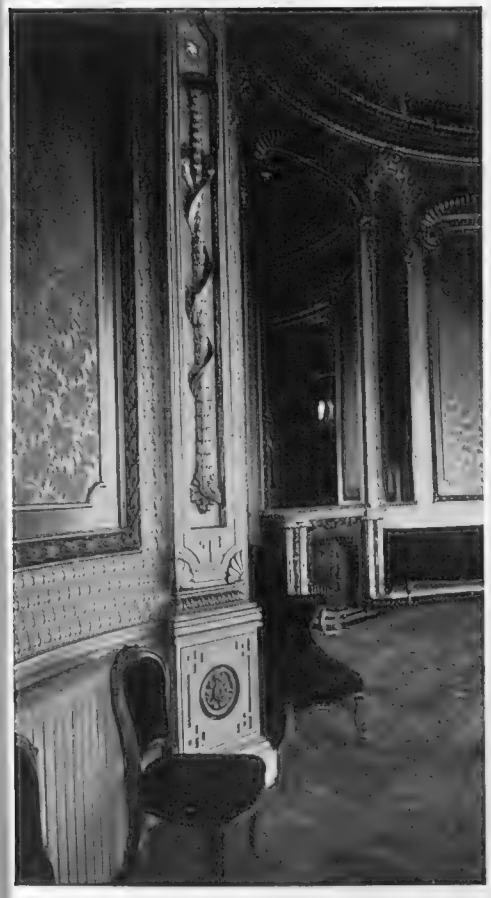
A WINDOW RECESS IN THE SOUTH DRAWING-ROOM, with a small section of the comparatively modern overpainting removed and the original cream, green, and gold decor shown up





THESE NEWLY REVEALED GEOMETRICAL PATTERNS on the ceiling of the south drawing-room (*left*) constitute a wonderful example of the manner in which Nash so skilfully combined the Regency style of his own choice with the Chinese style which so appealed to the Prince Regent that he insisted on its employment on a wide scale in all the State apartments of the Pavilion. *Right*—Convex panels of gold tracery work previously hidden beneath an ugly coating of brown paint. They are in the Banqueting Room where the work of restoration is complete

A STRIKING DRAGON CEILING DESIGN found beneath a coating of ugly Victorian lincrusta in the south drawing-room. The groundwork is a pale cream and the whole effect is one of outstanding beauty and delicacy



ONE OF THE EIGHT CARVED WOOD COLUMNS of the ballroom which were taken away to Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria and returned to the Pavilion by King George

"CARRYING HOME A CHINESE BRIDE": She is seated in a palanquin, under a parasol canopy, with a peacock by her side and is held aloft by bearers in rich habits. One of the Banqueting Room pictures by Robert Jones, an artist in the emoloy of Crace who was for a time in charge of the Pavilion's decoration. It was painted about the year 1819 and in 1848 was removed to Buckingham Palace where it remained until returned to Brighton in 1863

KEEPING A TAB ON THE TUNES: A busy scene in the offices of the Performing Rights Society, a vast organisation which employs about 250 people and collects copyright fees of over £300,000 a year for the composers who are its members. "Considering the amount of music with which the Society has to keep track," writes Charles Graves, "it is extraordinary how seldom any piece is played without its knowledge"

PITY THE POOR COMPOSER

Despite the Work of the Performing Rights Society Which Does So Much to Protect His Interests

IT is probable that not one person in a thousand of those who listen to a band in the park or on the pier, or who tune in to a high-class orchestral concert, or dance to an orchestra in a restaurant, realises what a microscopic fee goes to the composer although an immense sum of money might well have been spent in producing and popularising his work. In the course of twelve months six leading hotels in London paid their dance orchestras £96,000. For the same period the composers, authors, and other copyright owners of the works played by these orchestras received the vast sum of £600 to be divided among them all. Another statistic refers to broadcasting. Under the present arrangement the composers and others who contribute the music which makes up 65 per cent. of our broadcast programmes receive between them only 3¾d. out of the 10s. which each listener pays annually for his licence. There are many other examples of this poor payment to composers.

No wonder, therefore, that negotiations are taking place between the Performing Rights Society, which represents the composers, authors, and other copyright holders, and the B.B.C. for broadcasting has done irreparable damage to the incomes of composers. In 1925 the royalties of a large group of authors and composers from the sales of sheet music and gramophone records was £123,000. Three years ago it had dropped to £72,000, and it is dropping still further. It seems only just, therefore, that the B.B.C. out of its vast income should pay more money to the composers, if only as compensation for the damage broadcasting has done them.

On January 1 the Government by its new arrangement will be keeping 2s. 3d. out of every 10s. Surely that sum which represents only 6d. a quarter per subscriber, would be more properly payable to the composers, without whom broadcasting would immediately die the death.

Situated only a few hundred yards from the B.B.C., the Performing Rights Society employs 250 people and collects over £300,000 a year for its members. It controls about 2,000,000 pieces of music—from foxtrots to symphonies, and represents about 40,000 composers, authors, and publishers. It was founded just before the war, and does its best to protect the interests of composers and authors. Considering the amount of music with which it has to keep track, it is extraordinary how seldom any piece of music is played without its knowledge in public in any part of the British Empire. Music, after all, can be played at broadcasting stations, in cafés and tea-rooms, in churches and parish halls, in cinemas, circuses, clubs, concert halls, dance halls, hotels, municipal and district council halls, music halls, piers and public houses, restaurants, steamships, theatres, and by travelling showmen.

Each section has a tariff. Thus a hotel or restaurant pays 2 per cent. on the first £1,000 that it spends on its cabaret and dance orchestras, 1 per cent. on the second £1,000, and ½ per cent. on the residue. This is infinitesimal, as it shows that a de luxe hotel spending £10,000 a year on providing entertainment pays only £70 for the music it provides during that period. The payment by music-halls is based on their seating capacity, and works out at ½ per cent. of the gross value of the seating capacity. Theatres pay 15 guineas a year for the use of any music they like for overtures and entr'actes. Churches and parish halls are graded according to their size and the number of entertainments, and pay between 2 and 4 guineas a year. Piers under municipal authority are rated on the 2 per cent. per £1,000 basis like the restaurants and hotels. The payment for broadcasting is on the basis of 5½d. each for the first 1,000,000 owners of licensed wireless sets, 4½d. for the second 1,000,000, 3½d. for the third 1,000,000, and 3¾d. thereafter.

THE PROGRAMME REGISTRY at the offices of the Performing Rights Society, where some 400,000 programmes of public performances are annually received, indexed, and stored away

THE BROADCASTING DEPARTMENT OF THE P.R.S., wh amount of money due to its members for radio pe Empire. Composers are at the moment very critical of

As there are nearly 8,000,000 listeners now the average, as I have said, works out at 3¾d. per listener; in round figures, £110,000 a year.

The method of dividing up this money among the various composers, however, is naturally very complicated. It involves endless calculations, and the sub-division of music into three types—dance music, entertainment music, and serious music. A dance tune receives one point for each time it is played. Entertainment music receives a point a minute for the quarter of an hour. Serious music receives from two to seven points a minute. All these points are then added up at the end of the year, the sum total is divided by the number of points earned by each piece of music, and the answer is the payment made to the author, composer, and other copyright holders.

The number of points last year aggregated 180,000,000; and when it is realised that nearly 500,000 programmes had to be analysed by the Performing Rights Society last year, and that these contained over 8,000,000 entries of thousands of different works, each of which was performed anything from once to hundreds of times, it is clear that the task of the Society is colossal. It has become necessary, in fact, to instal a number of electrically operated machines to tabulate the tunes, the numbers of times they are played, the length of time they took to play, the places where they were played, the name of the composer, and so on. The installation is so expensive that it actually costs £2,000 a year merely to hire.

But what do various tunes earn in the course of the year? The answer is that it will be anything from a few pence up to over £2,000 for all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas put together. Here are the individual earnings of four well-known pieces of music. The "Knightsbridge March" earned £400 last year; "Red Sails in the Sunset" earned £280; "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" earned £310; and the "Cockaigne Overture" earned £120. Mind you, these figures represent the total fees from the performances all over the world during 1935, and they have, of course, to be divided among composer, author, and publisher. Further, they are examples of works which are very frequently performed and therefore productive of well above the average in the matter of fees.

I have already referred to the drop in the sale of sheet music. A popular ballad sung by a star artist on the halls before the war, or by a famous singer on the concert platform, sold like hot cakes. Thousands of copies were bought by members of the public who wished to edify their family circle by emulating the star artist or the famous singer. Night would be made vocal in countless homes by the gifted amateur entertaining his nearest and dearest or his fellow guests with an original rendering of the latest popular number. Ivor Novello has placed it on record that he made £16,000 out of "Keep the Home Fires Burning." In 1927 "Ramona" sold 1,750,000 copies of sheet music. In 1931 the "Stein Song," undoubtedly the hit of the year, sold fewer than 1,000,000. To-day a song is a real hit if it sells 100,000 copies. For to-day people no longer buy songs to sing in the privacy of the home. If they sing at all, it is usually in their baths where sheet music is not needed.

No wonder, then, that the composer is not doing well. Here are five authentic cases of leading composers, which tell their own story. "A" is a successful composer of ballads. In 1925 his income from royalties on the sale of sheet music was £1,547; in 1935 it was £313. Against this his income from the performing rights that year was £233. I have not the exact figures for the same man's earnings last year, but they are considerably less than in 1934.

That holds good with the other examples such as "B," who is a composer of military band music, and in 1922 made £1,141 from mechanical rights and £624 from sheet-music rights. In 1934 the corresponding figures were £239 and £21, his performing rights fees for the same year being £345.

"C" is a well-known composer of ballads and light instrumental music. In 1923, he received £924 from the sale of sheet music, which dropped to £356 in 1934. The same composer received £330 from mechanical rights in 1923; his revenue from this source in 1934 had fallen to £54, whilst he received for that year £617 from performing rights.

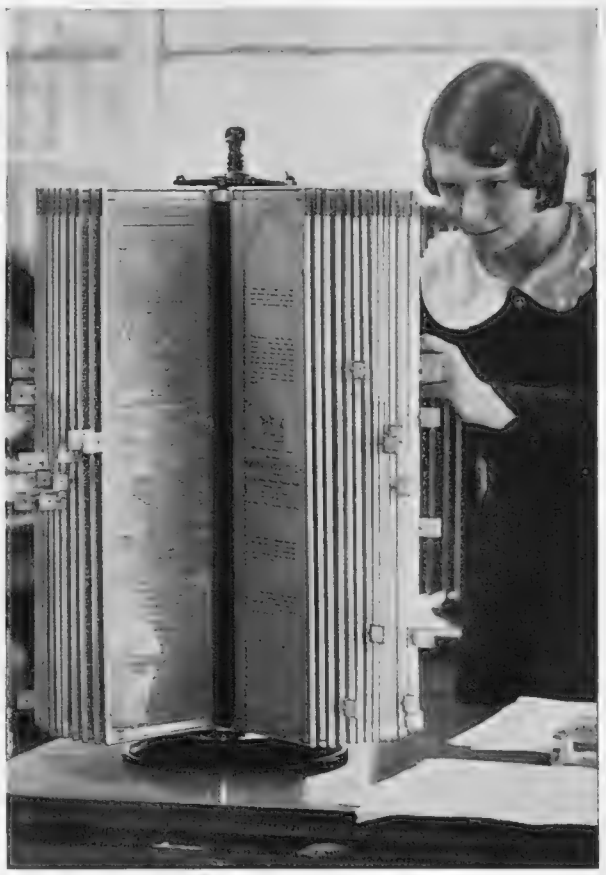
"D" is another composer of ballads and light music. His income from sheet music in 1923 was £1,229 and from mechanical rights £57. These figures dropped to £145 and £47 respectively in 1934. His income for that year from performing rights was £222.

"E" is a composer who in 1928 received from sheet music £2,392 and from mechanical rights £3,249. By the year 1934 his income from these sources had decreased to £599 and £203 respectively, whilst from performing rights he received £979.

If the earnings of these leading composers have been reduced to such an extent, what must be the position of other lesser composers who, gaining a modest livelihood ten years ago, would now be unable to keep body and soul together if their incomes were not supplemented in other ways. And all this in spite of the fact that music is heard more to-day than ever before. It is fortunate indeed for the composer that he has at least the Performing Rights Society whose task is to remedy this topsy-turvy state of things.

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE MECHANICAL MATHEMATICIAN: The "Hollerith" lightning calculator, which converts the number of recorded performances of composers' work into terms of cash due



WHO'S WHO: A revolving index showing at a glance the names of 50,000 composers, authors, and music publishers

where a skilled staff is employed in working out the performances of their work at home and in the British of the poor fees given by the broadcasting companies

Pictures by A. Conson

WHERE 5,000 ENQUIRIES ARE ANSWERED A WEEK: A corner of the Repertoire Department at the P.R.S. offices which keeps track of those composers with any claim to importance and all the works they have written

DRAMA

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

"CHARLES THE KING" AT THE LYRIC: Barry Jones as Charles I and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as his consort, Henrietta Maria, in Maurice Colbourne's brilliant historical play which shows the monarch in good fortune and bad and culminates in his going to the scaffold. Philip Page, "The Sphere's" dramatic critic, says that "although this drama deals with a period of history as fiercely controversial as it is deeply interesting—and the author, while never guilty of extreme distortion, shows us which way his sympathy lies—it never for a moment ceases to be drama. Indeed this is an historical production on the very highest plane and is as vital as Shaw's *St. Joan*"

An Ambitious Effort at Sadler's Wells: The Wycherley Controversy: Mr. Dodsworth Comes to Town

SADLER'S WELLS is as adventurous with its opera as it is with its ballet. A week or two ago I was watching there some spectacular Tchaikovsky ballets which not long before had been danced at Covent Garden to the accompaniment of the London Philharmonic Orchestra. If the verdict was not one of unqualified eulogy, it was a long way above the faintly damning (and utterly damnable) "very praiseworthy, considering, etc. . . ."

Now *Aida* has been produced after a very long interval. Verdi's most splendiferous opera, which is not by a long chalk his best, needs pageantry and a large stage and a large and vulgar supply of trumpets and anything else that can suggest to the eye the pomp and circumstance of ancient Egypt. At the Metropolitan Opera in New York they have just added Jack Johnson, as a captured Ethiopian warrior, to the cast—to give it a punch, as it were.

You can, in fact, do almost anything you can conceive in the way of Oriental splendour when you are producing *Aida*, if only to supply the Orientalism the music lacks. For Verdi here suggests Egypt about as much as Madame Leontovich suggested Egypt at the New Theatre last week. He is louder, but not funnier.

The stage of Sadler's Wells is historic but not huge. Spaciousness, however, and that sense of the crowds being much bigger than they really are have been most cleverly achieved by Mr. Clive Carey, the producer, and by Mr. Powell Lloyd, who has painted some new scenery. The difficulty of cramming a lot of people together on a comparatively small space was overcome at this theatre in *Boris Godounov*, and it has been overcome with equal success in this case.

The singing was on a general level of efficiency; I would not care to say that any artist took full advantage of the many opportunities to glitter in radiant, star-like fashion. One or two of them twinkled. But it was the "little star," was it not, which twinkled? None the less, I have experienced performances of *Aida* with world-famous singers and costly pomp and circumstance which I have enjoyed far less than this.

Miss Molly de Gunst was fresh and girlish in the title-role and her pleasant voice improved as the evening progressed. Mr. Redvers Llewellyn sang well as Amonasro, even if his appearance suggested to race-goers that he might at any moment sing "I've got a n'orse." The Radames of Mr. John Wright was duly heroic and Miss Edith Coates toned down the hardness of her fine voice.

This is probably Sadler's Wells' most notable and ambitious feat in all its operatic history. It would be impossible to estimate too highly the share in it of the conductor, Mr. Lawrence Collingwood.

The Old Vic and "Education."—The controversy about *The Country Wife* and its alleged educational value grew so heated and so complicated last week that it was difficult to know which was Wycherley. It is a pity Wycherley is not alive. He might then be able to reassure the authorities of the Old Vic as to whom precisely he meant to educate when he wrote a naughtily amusing play about a man who was able to commit adultery with impunity by pretending to his male friends that he was impotent. He would also have enjoyed the biggest laugh of his life.

For my part, I do not in the least mind this bawdy old play being produced at the Old Vic, where it is done—and is doing—extremely well. Indeed, I have seen it twice there. Nor do I mind the Old Vic not paying Entertainment Tax (which is paid by the public anyway), for I consider the whole idea of this tax, as well as its methods, grossly unfair. If one theatre can dodge it, so much the better. They all should.

But where I am at one with Mr. Sydney Carroll in his protest is that *The Country Wife* should be, *ipso facto*, singled out for favourable consideration only when, and because, it is produced at the Old Vic. Why should a play be regarded as any other play (and be subject to tax) when it is produced—as this one was a few years ago—by Mr. Carroll in West Street, but be sanctified, labelled as educational, and not taxed, when it is produced in the New Cut?

I note, by the way, from the writer who discourses on things in general in *The Star* after the style of Mr. Alfred Jingle that the delicious Miss Isabel Jeans, who has been to see Miss Ruth Gordon as Mrs. Pinchwife at the Old Vic, "created" that part. Miss Jeans's beauty and youthful grace are indeed miraculous. For the part was created in 1673.

"Dodsworth" (Film).—*Main Street*, in whatever aspect one regards it, would seem to be among the less exciting aspects of American life and certainly among the less film-able. Unless, of course, one of the inhabitants of the street happens to be the incomparable Mr. Deeds, who came to town for his own good and for everyone else's enjoyment.

Dodsworth, the new film at the Tivoli, is of the *Main Street* school, and the story grips at once and remains gripping. Not because of any conventional sensation; no gangsters, no blondes, and although there is a wife she does not have to contend with a secretary. I have, in fact, seen few American films in which a straightforward and tense tale is told so well, so simply, and with so little recourse to any sort of vulgar device in acting, production, or photography.

Sam Dodsworth, it may be remembered, was a citizen of credit and renown at Zenith, Pa. His wife found his credit useful, but had precious little renown on her own account; a silly, self-centred creature. The pair travel to Europe, where the wife takes the air and also an Austrian lover. The husband, having done his best to "combine a pose imperious with a demeanour nobly bland"—he really is a good sort and the finest type of American (which is pretty fine)—has to admit defeat. I would not have congratulated him on a victory.

Miss Ruth Chatterton has a part so unsympathetic that the average film star would never even have read it. But Miss Chatterton is not the average film star and is, too, an actress of vast intelligence and sympathy. Mr. Walter Huston brilliantly avoided making the husband a prig.

A film to see.

QUARREL AT THE CHURCH DOOR: Young Ireton (Kenneth Villiers), the devoted follower of Cromwell, defies Archbishop Laud (Morland Graham), the partisan of divine right, when the latter attempts to impose by authority the religious ceremonies and usages to which he attaches so much importance and failing to do so, fines Ireton's father, £200. In this dramatic moment in Maurice Colbourne's play, *Charles the King*, the dialogue is particularly notable. At one point Laud says:—"I will do for the Church what Lord Wentworth is doing for the State; where he smokes out corruption, I will smoke out heresy; where he bends the stiff necks of the great lords, I will bend the stiff knees of the Puritans; where he plants justice, I will plant decency. Lord Wentworth and I face giant tasks; and if we represent the sword in the King's right hand, beware for we shall take good care to be a sharp one"

ERNA SACK who will be singing the rôle of Zerbinetta in Richard Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos* which is to be presented at Covent Garden on November 6 by the Dresden State Opera Company

ANNY KONETZNI who is to sing Isolde in *Tristan and Isolde* which will be given twice (on November 3 and November 9) during the Dresden Opera Company's London season

PINEWOOD OUTRIVALS HOLLYWOOD

Britain's Newest and Largest Film Studio with a Converted Mansion as an Adjoining Residential Club for the Stars—A Home Where History was Made

PANELLING FROM THE FAMOUS CUNARDER, MAURETANIA, adorning the walls of the board-room at the new Pinewood studios which have recently been opened at Iver, Bucks, and are now being occupied by various film companies. The stages, as modernly equipped as any in Hollywood, cover 7½ acres, and adjoining is the administrative building and residential club—a converted country mansion—where there are eighty bedrooms available for those who wish to live near their work

MR. GLADSTONE RIDES TO PICCADILLY IN AN OLD-TIME BUS: A canvas by Alfred Morgan which seldom fails to attract the attention of visitors to the Picture Gallery. It is dated 1885, when the great statesman was nearing the end of his long parliamentary career

THE PICTURE GALLERY in the residential club, where there are many good examples of nineteenth-century art. The club was formerly known as Heatherden Hall, and was built at a cost of £300,000 by the late Lieut.-Colonel Grant Morden

WHERE A HEARTH IS AT THE THRESHOLD: The main entrance of the administrative offices is something of a curiosity, being formed from an elaborately carved oak fireplace adorned with hunting scenes and other designs. It was finished in 1568, and has come to Pinewood from Irlam Hall, Derbyshire

Pictures by A. Console

THE FIREPLACE, IN WHAT IS NOW THE COCKTAIL BAR, bears the following interesting inscription: In this room, on November 3, 1921, the ratification of the Irish Free State Treaty was settled by the Earl of Birkenhead, Viscount Long, Viscount Younger of Leckie, Sir Malcolm Fraser, Bart., and Lieut.-Colonel W. Grant Morden, J.P., M.P.

GOLD CUP DAY, 1913: *Above and below*—Marlene Dietrich as Countess Alexandrovna in two of the Ascot episodes in *Knight Without Armour*, her first British film, which is being directed by Jacques Feyder and when released will no doubt prove an immense box-office attraction. Miss Dietrich, who has now been in this country nearly three months, has been mobbed on nearly every personal appearance she has made and her popularity seems to be even greater here than it is in the United States. Hollywood has not always done her justice as regards parts, and it is possible she will wish to remain on in England

THE DIETRICH AT ASCOT

Shots made on the Racecourse for Her First British Film "Knight Without Armour"

Specially drawn for "The Sphere" by Hookway Cowles

LACTICS AT LEISURE: In times only recently past consumers of milk were wont to take their daily glass with a surreptitious air, as if there were something unmanly in the act; but with the advent of the Milk Bars, which are cropping up in nearly every town and city in the country, this most wholesome of beverages would seem to have achieved a new status and to have found favour in the eyes of a much wider section of the community than would have been thought possible only a few years ago. The bars are invariably well patronised, and have a general air of cleanliness and efficiency

The World of Books

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

THERE is, or there used to be, a convention which held that sailors should be breezy, and although this sounded a regrettably hearty state of affairs, there is at least one sailor whose breeziness is a perfect joy, and whose natural humour and irreverent, far-seeing eye have contributed to making **RIVER OF GOLDEN SAND** (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) one of the most delightful books of the week.

Lieut.-Commander Thomas Woodrooffe will be remembered for his *Naval Odyssey*, but in my opinion his new book is an advance on that, and even brighter. The young sub-lieutenant Toby, with whose appointment to the *Beetle*, "shaped like a flat-iron and not much larger," the book opens, is a perfect type of the gay, enterprising young traveller, with an open mind, a great deal of good sense, and an unexpected sense of the poetry in life.

The author is not unlike Mr. Peter Fleming in that, though there the resemblance ends for Lieut.-Commander Woodrooffe's story is principally concerned with the exploits of the tiny gunboat on the upper reaches of the Yangtze river, and on the social aspects of his not infrequent shore leaves, which are as important a part of the narrative as they were of Toby's existence. "It was December," writes Lieut.-Commander Woodrooffe in the manner of one who knows the form "and the *Beetle* was headed down river for Hankow, where every gunboat that was anywhere in the vicinity would manage to turn up innocently at Christmas time."

For the account of Governor Chang's twenty-five bathrooms, for the explanation of the lipstick which appeared on Toby's jacket in the course of a rubber of bridge, or for the fine philosophic touch which lifts the author's story out of the class of merely good yarns, you must read this book yourself, and enjoy it as I have.

When Mr. John Brophy began to write his book on Hungary, he showed the first few pages to a young Hungarian lady for her opinion. She was kind, but her criticism was just. "I'm afraid," she said, "you may write like a man in love." And that is how, reasonably enough, Mr. Brophy has written. **ILONKA SPEAKS OF HUNGARY** (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) may set out to be a logical and clear-cut review of the state of contemporary Hungary, but it lapses soon enough, and with an almost audible sigh of relief, into a discussion of the beauties (undeniable) of Buda and Pest, the equally incontestable charm of the Hungarian dress, and the strange ability of the Hungarian nation as a whole to do without sleep!

Whatever Mr. Brophy's intention, it is an extremely amusing, inconsequential, and readable book, and hardly any contribution at all to the serious literature on the Magyar race.

THE SPRING HOUSE (Joseph. 7s. 6d.) which is Lady Cynthia Asquith's first novel and deals with the England of the war years, is oddly reminiscent of the books on the same subject which were written actually before the end of the war. It is not so memorable as Wilfred Ewart's *The Way of Revelation* or as Miss Delafield's *War-Workers*, but it has qualities of both of them. The wonder seems to be that Lady Cynthia has waited so long to write it, since it is such a carefully preserved piece of war reminiscence, and can have gained little from twenty years' maturing.

As an expression of the mood of those times it is quite remarkable; the heavy perpetual cloud of anxiety, the poignant tragedies, unendurable and yet endured, the daily economies and the bursts of frantic gaiety, all these are presented as if the author had written this story as she experienced it, and it is that quality of immediate and personal emotion that makes the book so touching.

The story itself, that of a very beautiful young woman who was rich, and a fatally good listener, is not new, but that is scarcely to its discredit when the whole theme which it illustrates, of love and suffering and loss, is as old as time itself. Any importance the book may have is rather on the merits of its telling, its dignity, its sincerity, and its authentic atmosphere.

A GREAT SCOTTISH PATRIOT: Duncan Forbes of Culloden, one of the outstanding figures in the days of the '15 and the '45, who forms the subject of a biography by C. de B. Murray, issued by the International Publishing Company. The book is full of new historical material, and many will be interested in the author's defence of the Duke of Cumberland (nicknamed "the Butcher."), whose reputation for cruelty was evidently founded on very slender evidence

The apparitions which haunt the pages of **LORD HALIFAX'S GHOST BOOK** (Geoffrey Bles. 8s. 6d.) have one distinction in common. They have all disturbed the rest of some of the greatest names in England, and their flittings and appearances have invariably been noted by an august hand.

King George, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Desborough were all witnesses to the Marquess of Hartington's statement that he had seen the Monk of Bolton Abbey, and Lady Goring and Lord Lytton contribute equally terrifying and credible stories. Some of the ghosts were bodiless, mere voices or sensations, some appeared in the conventional white haze, but more often they were human, recognisable figures, having nothing of the supernatural about them except their outlandish clothes or their inability, although apparently opaque, to throw shadows.

On many occasions the witnesses were terrified, chilled, or even paralysed by their strange visitants, but there were one or two heartening exceptions, and notably, there was Mr. Reginald Easton, who was so little frightened by his midnight visitor that he asked her leave to sketch her. "She must, if capable of surprise, have received a shock when Easton sat up in bed and said, 'I beg your pardon,

(Continued on page 212)

To-morrow

Morning follows night, and to-morrow becomes to-day. The transition from sleep to awakening may not always be pleasant, but dawn will shed a more welcome light if it reveals the harmony of a room that you have beautified with good furniture. On the Third Floor at Harrods you will find the finest collection of bedroom furniture in the country.

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Dwarf Fitted Wardrobe (separate illustration) 2 ft. 9 ins. wide. One side for hanging clothes, other fitted with shelves. Large drawer above.

Pedestal Cupboard with drawer above.

Upholstered chair and stool.

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BUT other people have felt the spell of bronze and copper leaves, and Emile, of 24, Conduit Street, W. predicts that red will be the predominant hair colour this winter. In Paris deep purple-reds, with a glorious sheen, crown the most distinguished heads, and here in London Emile feels that the rich Coronation colours will call for warmth in the hair. Aubergine is a favourite shade, and incidentally, henna is good for the hair for it acts as a tonic.

The newest coiffures, two of which are sketched on this page, call for the most expert cutting and thinning, since high curls are massed at the front of the head, and the hair is swathed across the back in soft waves which often end in groups of flat curls. More often than not the ears are shewn, and only the most perfect system of Mixed Winding (which means that some of the hair is permanently waved from the roots, and some from the points) can achieve such styles as these, which are at once sophisticated and youthful.

This England . . .

Near Midhurst, Sussex

FORGOTTEN is Summer's riot of colour; greys and sad browns—'gainst which the scented wood-smoke seems so brightly blue—alone are left us for a wistful pleasure. And yet . . . and yet, in coppice and hedgerow, deep in the strong warm earth are stored the flames and glories of summers past and summers yet to come. Just so is stored for you the rich golden food that is barley, the tonic health that is the flower of the hop, in the glowing Worthington that lightens "the winter of our discontent."

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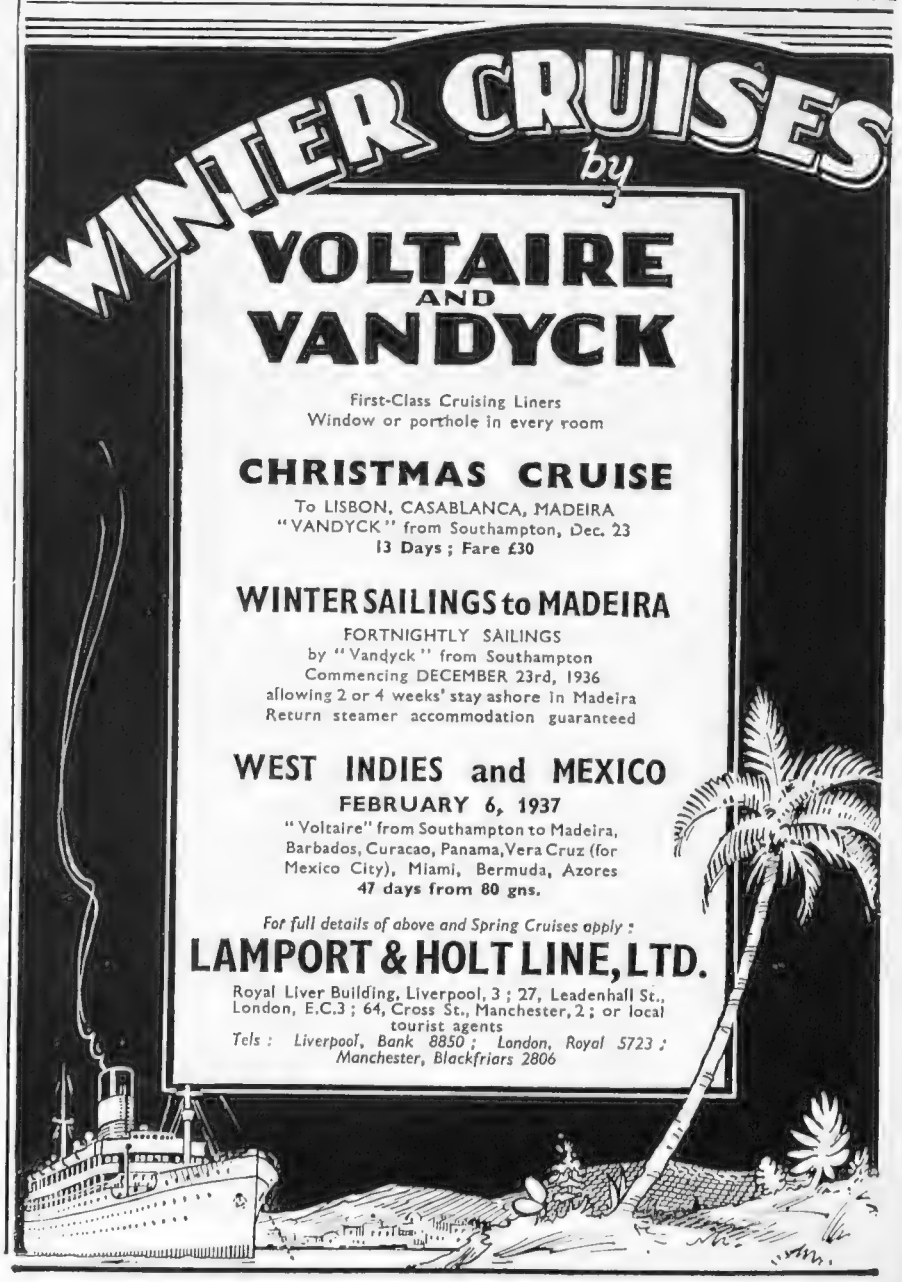

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

Swiss Winter Sports. — Switzerland, of course, is one of the countries which stands to benefit most from the recent currency changes in Europe. Actually, quite a host of English winter sports enthusiasts have remained faithful to their favourite slopes all through the recent difficult years, reciprocating the really noble efforts that the railways and the hotel people made to bring down their charges to an economic level—economic for visitors off the gold standard, that is to say. It is good news that those efforts are not to be discontinued now, even though the Swiss franc has been devalued. In fact, legislation has been specifically passed to forbid the raising of hotel prices and those tiresome etceteras which always run away with the money when one is on holiday. Also, the special fare reductions which were introduced last year for people staying six days or longer (30 per cent. on ordinary tickets, 15 per cent. on party tickets) are to be maintained throughout the present winter. Also, another point worth noting is that visitors are not bothered with monetary formalities or restrictions of any kind. This is something of an achievement in modern Europe!

A Mare's-nest of Communists. — Considerable amusement has been caused on the Riviera by a rumour which was getting about in England recently to the effect that Menton is a hotbed of Communists. Of all the South of France resorts none lends itself less to the propagation of violent passions, and its people, presided over by a beneficent and up-to-date municipality, are just as sunny by temperament as their delightful climate (this particular climate was described in THE SPHERE only a fortnight ago) entitles them to be. The idea of their going placidly about their business preparing for a bumper winter season, all oblivious of a fearful Communist menace in their midst, is one which is calculated to afford a good laugh to anybody who knows the place.

An Island That Likes to be Visited.— The P.L.M. Railway has just brought out a very attractive booklet describing Corsica; the kind of booklet that is calculated to make one's mouth water for foreign travel. One of the most interesting points it emphasises is made in the last paragraph, a reported conversation of the writer at Marseilles.

"Three hours ago I was in Corsica," I sighed.

"Yes, madam, and in twenty-four hours you will be in London. We have made good time and the train is waiting."

That really does bring to the mind's eye a vivid picture of the ease and comfort of modern transport. Think how remote Corsica used to seem, even a few years back. The present writer can remember when to go for a holiday there ranked as quite an adventure, something about which one could boast to one's friends! But to judge from this booklet the Island does not appear to have lost any of its strange, wild charm, although the conditions of getting about from one place to another are now much easier than formerly, of course. [There are some useful remarks on Corsica, incidentally, in this week's correspondence.]

Another P.L.M. publication is Charles Graves' *The Riviera Revisited*, which appeared for the first time last year, and is now being issued again. It covers that fashionable coast from end to end, and is a very useful guide to the various types of resort to be found there; well written and well illustrated.

The Austrian Scene. — The first of this season's Winter Sports pamphlets from a Tirolese resort has just reached us, and at this stage in the year it is as welcome as the first snowdrops will be later on. There, in the picture, stands the familiar village, nestling under the great white slopes of the mountains, the little church with its onion dome, the fir trees laden so heavily with their white burden that they look quite drunken and grotesque. . . . It is extraordinary how much emotion the sight of a single pamphlet can evoke in those who have once tasted the joys of Winter Sports.

Switzerland, Devaluation, and the Tourist: Corsica no Longer Remote: Bracing and Sunny Cyprus

FANCY MEETING YOU! A peasant of Delos, the smallest of the Greek Cyclades, comes across a statue recently unearthed by an Italian archæological expedition to the islands

SAFELY ANCHORED: Chaining a Paris-London sleeping car aboard the Twickenham Ferry as the vessel was about to leave Dunkirk for Dover. The new night service, which saves passengers two changes, is proving a great attraction and intending travellers have to book well in advance to be sure of obtaining berths

RAILSIDE BUFFET: Chinese pedlars with provisions for passengers at a station on the Hangkow-Peiping railway, where refreshment rooms are conspicuous by their absence

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

The South of France: A Quiet Resort with a Golf Course.—There are two golf courses near St. Raphael-Valescure, nine and eighteen holes, and both are very good, though rather expensive as the fees are 135 francs per week. We presume, however, you would get reduced fees for the time you propose to stay. There are several good hotels at St. Raphael, all with running water in the rooms. The biggest are the Beau-Rivage and the Napoleon, which charge 55–80 francs and 45–90 francs per day inclusive. Smaller very comfortable hotels are the Beau-Séjour 30–45 francs, Bellevue 35–40 francs, Excelsior 35 francs, and the Pins 30–35 francs. The pensions are not cheaper than these hotels and for a prolonged stay, you would undoubtedly obtain special terms. There is a golf hotel at Valescure, but we are afraid you would find this rather expensive. You would find some English people there at any time of the year. [Ref. E.B. 149.]

Some Islands in the Sun.—On the whole we are inclined to recommend Corsica for the winter. It has a mild and sunny climate and changes of temperature are of short duration. You would not, of course, find it as warm as Madeira or the Canaries. The Ajaccio et Continental at Ajaccio charges 60–80 francs per day inclusive, and no doubt they would reduce these prices for a prolonged stay. The Solferino is much smaller, but there is running water in all the rooms, and the inclusive terms are 45 francs per day. There is a very good motoring road all round the Island.

Cyprus is sunny and bracing between October and May but not particularly warm. The roads are good and the cost of living reasonable. Nicosia is the capital and the most convenient centre from which to explore the Island. There are plenty of amusements and quite a big English colony.

Corfu is a most charming island with a climate equally as good as Cyprus and two very good hotels. The cost of living is extremely low as the drachma is about 500 to the £. There is not so much to do as in Cyprus but we do not think it is possible to be bored there. You could travel by train to Brindisi and pick up the intermediate Lloyd Triestino service to Corfu; we do not recommend the Greek boats. [Ref. E.B. 147.]

Madeira.—Madeira has an excellent all the year round climate and the average temperature for January (which is the coldest month) is 61 deg. Fah.

The two leading hotels are Reid's Palace and the Savoy, both of which are situated on cliffs overlooking the sea. The terms are about 25s. per day at the former and about 16s. per day at the latter.

There is a British club in Funchal, casinos, good tennis, and bathing. We have sent you some literature giving details. [Ref.E.B. 145.]

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4 will be promptly answered

Christmas 1936

. . . under a lucky star. Details now available. Something happy-go-lucky and very agreeable about the Riposo . . . pleased and happy visitors, its cheerful, artistic decorations and furnishings, its happily chosen menus, its very willing staff. Situated away from all crowds and traffic, yet within immediate reach of the amenities and amusements of Bexhill. Adjoins an 18-hole Golf Course. Dancing. Running water, central heating and telephone in every bedroom. Special Residential Terms. Further information with pleasure from the management.

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as mild and equable as the South of France and no cold nights. Lovely surrounding country, plenty to do. Excellent cuisine. Living at this first-class hotel on the water's edge with beautiful views over Falmouth Harbour makes a perfect winter retreat at

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In Quest of

The Crest at Crow of Scotland

WHEN Mr. George Eglinton Adams and his wife decided, with due Scottish deliberation, to dispose of their Scottish hotel interests, which included the Royal British Hotel at Edinburgh, and move southwards, it might have been assumed (had you not known them) that they were going to purchase an old thatched farmhouse where only the cackling of the old brown hen would disturb the peacefulness of their rural surroundings.

But those who knew them realised that this was the last thought in their heads, for they are too fond of dispensing hospitality, too active, to shed entirely their working harness.

What they had in mind was another hotel in the south, not too large, but one which could be to them a home and an interest, and one which, with the aid of a picked staff, could be made the best of its class for many a mile around.

They travelled many hundreds of miles in their quest. One day they were heard of in Cromer, another in Bournemouth, and now it will not be long before everyone has heard of them at Crowborough, for with their purchase of the Crest Hotel there it might be said that "a wee bit of Scotland in Sussex" has come into existence.

It would have been hard to choose an hotel and surroundings better suited to their ambition; the very countryside is reminiscent of parts of Scotland with its pines and heather, deep coombs and distant ridges, and it only remained for Mr. and Mrs. Adams to come to the Crest to supply the framework.

The Crest Hotel has always been an attractive one; for years it has drawn a well-to-do clientele who are appreciative of rest and comfort, and an "escape" either from the turmoil of town life or a change from the sea. So here you will find the dentist, the doctor, and the barrister, who have discarded the tools of their profession to take their ease, as well as many from Brighton, Bournemouth, and other places who find in the Crest a welcome change, the smell of pines in place of the smell of sea-weed, rambling paths as a substitute for the promenade.

Already the Adams have brought their personality and influence to bear on the Crest. Scottish people are nothing if not thorough. The beds may have been good once, but Adams' beds have always been known as superlatively good! Much money has been spent by them in scrapping the old to make room for the best of its kind.

Again, as eye comfort is as necessary as body comfort, restful bedside lamps are being installed in every room. The whole house is gradually being redecorated in shades that are restful to the eye and in keeping with a model country hotel. In short, while others have often dreamt about a little cottage

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in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

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THE SPHERE REGISTER

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Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. Tel. 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Eastbourne.—The Hydro Hotel.
Evesham.—Mansion House Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Borrowdale Htl.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants.).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal York Hotel.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

borough: "A Wee Bit in Sussex"

in the country, the Adams have often dreamt about the model hotel in the country, and here is the reality of a dream!

I was down at the Crest Hotel the other week-end, and found it difficult not to let my enthusiasm run away with me. As a race we find it difficult to praise, but one praises naturally at the Crest. Soon after I arrived I overheard a visitor saying to the manager, "I want to congratulate you on that dinner you put up last night for my guests, I could not have had a better one at the Berkeley." But to the manager, who has had an all-round hotel experience, to the chef, who is quite prepared to produce any given dish with reasonable notice, it was all just a part of the day's work.

If you are of an inquisitive turn of mind I am quite certain you will be loud in your praises of their coffee, and would be asking the waiter how it is made, and you would be told. It is quite the best coffee I have ever tasted, and I am sure you would agree.

Of course I had a good dinner there, and a good lunch the next day, the latter commencing with real Scotch broth. But my praise goes out to even smaller things; to the someone there who knows how to clean shoes, to the stoker for the heat of the water in the taps and in the radiators of the central heating system.

The gardens of the Crest are a blaze of colour—except in these few weeks of autumn, when the leaves play hide and seek with the gardeners! From the upper windows there are views as far as the eye can see, for Crowborough is 800 ft. up and is the highest point in Sussex.

There is so much to be seen in and around Crowborough that one never need be dull, but a car is a great asset for with it the sea is within easy reach.

And for the sportsman there is the Crowborough Golf Club only a few minutes' walk from the hotel, hunting with Eridge, South Downs, and East Kent, riding, any amount of it in Ashdown Forest, and in the grounds of the hotel Mr. Adams has recently laid down an all-weather tennis court which remains quite undisturbed by rain, frost, and other wintry elements.

For those seeking permanent winter headquarters (complete with central heating in the bedrooms), or for those wanting to escape for a week-end or longer from the general turmoil of life, I would say in place of "Scotland for ever," "The Crest Hotel at Crowborough always," so long as Mr. and Mrs. Adams are the personalities there.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of The Sphere, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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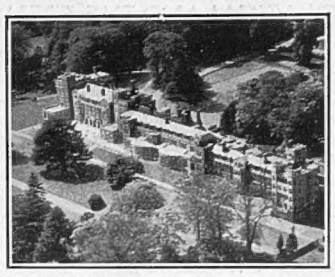

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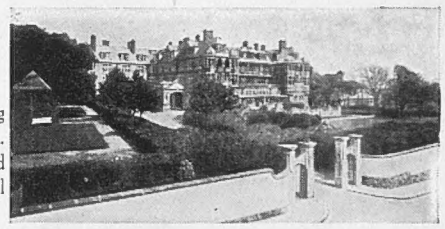

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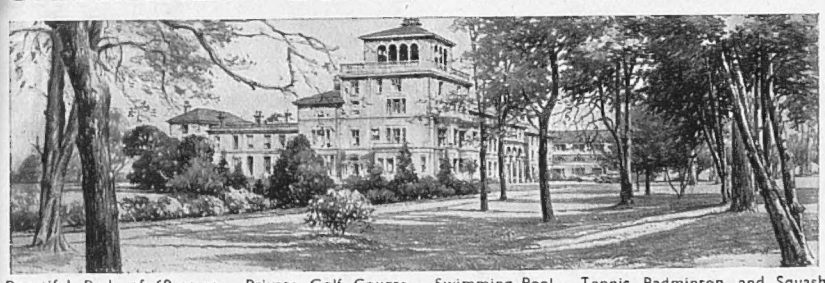

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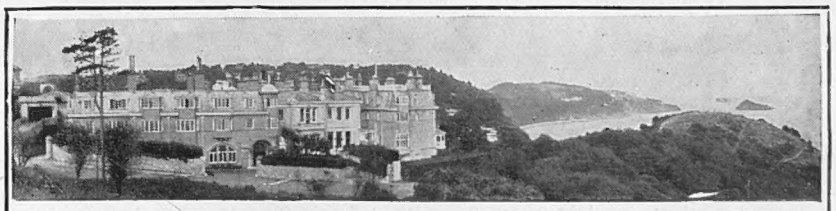

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Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—Westcliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.

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Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
Goring Hotel, S.W.1. Victoria 8210.

SCOTLAND
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
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'Phone 3434

CONTINUATIONS

ISOLATION AND THE FRENCH ARMY (Continued from page 186)

nations with common interests eventually always come together? In that event a reorientation towards Britain may conceivably have set in on the French upper deck.

De La Rocque's propaganda in the Army has also been pointedly anti-British: let the four Fascist States of Western Europe, Italy, Germany, France, and Spain, summon gorged John Bull to stand and deliver. That would solve the gnawing urge to expand overseas. And likewise do away with the necessity for further wars, save against Russia.

One does not infer that French officers or reasoning Frenchmen are falling for this sort of thing in any number—they are too mesmerised by Hitler and his steady detaching of France's friends—yet the fact of its existence goes to show how the armed forces are being "got at." It isn't only the Comintern that is interfering, by any means.

In an address following this year's Soviet manœuvres, the chief French observer, General Schweisguth (the same who held the staff talks with General Dill) emphasised that "no military effort can bear fruit unless it is based on the co-operation of the whole nation." General Weygand, who is rated as Bonapartist, strikes a similar note and notably warns against the tendency to divide the French Army into two categories, an army of quality and one of quantity. Staunch old Republican Marshal Pétain likewise gets in his plea for moral unity, unity. They are all on to it. The French forces must *not* be invaded and riven by political passions and divergent foreign philosophies.

The Government has perfected a first-class shock corps in the Garde Mobile for preserving internal order as between Communists and Fascists—it can mobilise nearly 20,000 in the Paris region alone, and handsomely dealt with what threatened to be a bloody and monster clash at the Parc des Princes. How much more imperative is it that the Republic should be able to rely on absolute obedience from the armed forces, no matter what the task set. So runs the exhortation off-stage.

A good deal is going on off-stage in this whole matter. War Minister Daladier is "democratising" the army, and young Air Minister Cot is "purifying" the Air Force. One reads very little about it in the newspapers, yet the process only forges ahead in thoroughness. Many officers have been changed to other commands, or superseded, or asked to retire. High air officers have departed in this manner, as suspect. Young Monsieur Cot is said to be the very deuce at purification, one aspect of which is to train more and more pilots from the ranks.

As for Monsieur Daladier, whose bitterest critics admit his efficiency, he was considerably prompted to take on the War Ministry in order to be able to isolate the enemies of Republican institutions among professional soldiers. With the right sort of soldier, who minds his own job, there can rarely have been a more popular civil chief than Daladier who is already referred to as *le Carnot de nos jours*—the man who is providing the Service with everything it requires, even as did Napoleon's great War Minister. Daladier recently secured an extra £32,000,000 expenditure for improved mechanisation and armament in 1937 alone. He could do the same again to-morrow. Yet such exploits would be only of relative value did he fail in the capital task he has set himself—to shape *l'armée* into one unquestioning whole. To this end, Communist "cells" are being watched and segregated as deftly as other tainted ones.

Compared with the situation of the red-trousered ones who entrained for the eastern frontier twenty-two years ago, *l'armée* looks to be most favoured. There was no Maginot Line then—though maybe (thinks Weygand) this work has bred a damaging stay-on-the-defensive cult. In mechanisation and motorisation, nothing is being too lavish, or in general and individual equipment. There is a heritage of victory to go upon. And who shall say that to-day's allies or sure practical sympathisers are a lesser collection than the Russia, France, Belgium, Serbia, and Britain that faced up to the onslaught in 1914? But the French forces were united then. Are they so still in 1936?

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Mr. Howson F. Devitt, after acting as Chairman of the *Arethusa* Training Ship Committee for the last eighteen years, has retired owing to ill-health. The Committee are pleased to report that Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., Principal Naval A.D.C. to The King, has consented to occupy the position, and Admiral Sir Frank Larken, K.C.B., will be deputy Chairman. The Headquarters of the Society are at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 204)

madam; I am an artist. Will you allow me to make a sketch of you? I shall then convince sceptics of the truth of ——.' But at that moment the old lady vanished as before."

All the stories in the collection are related in good faith and substantiated by witnesses; such an earnest business in fact that one misses the lighthearted presence of the shortest and best ghost story in the world. I will take the liberty of adding it myself as a sort of frivolous appendix. A man travelling in a railway train remarked to the man opposite him, "I don't believe in ghosts." "Oh, don't you?" said his fellow passenger, and vanished.

In MUDDLING THROUGH (Gollancz. 6s.) Miss Theodora Benson and Miss Betty Askwith present the eager student with "Britain in a Nutshell." It is illustrated, admirably, by Mr. Nicholas Bentley, and it is such an obvious choice for a Christmas present that one might as well lay in a stock of several copies immediately, and cease worrying about the present problem.

It is funny, it is impertinent, it tells downright lies, it is gorgeously biased and unfair, it is very seldom laboured and full of a bright and childlike cynicism. In fact it might appeal even to those few who were left glacially cold by *1066 and All That*.

"Animals," say the irrepressible authors, "matter more than people because they can't talk. They matter infinitely more than dumb people, but nobody knows why that is," and "the Scotch talk very slowly and literally and at enormous length with the irresistible momentum of tanks, and all in dialect."

The authors say a great deal more and avoid serious opinions with the agility of tight-rope dancers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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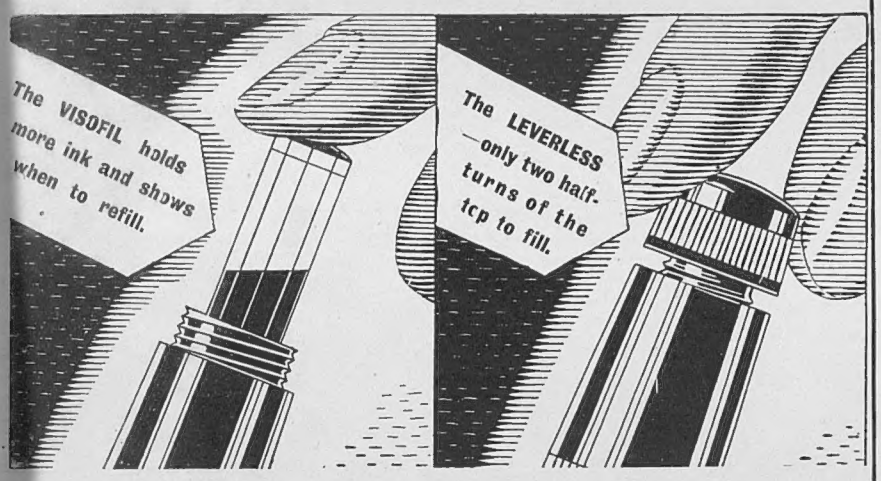

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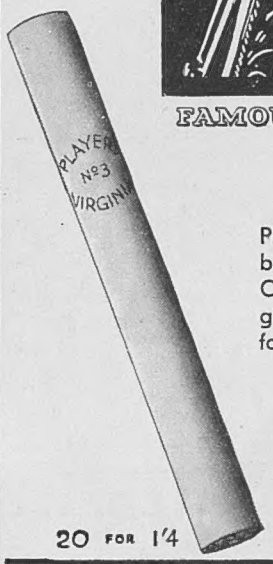

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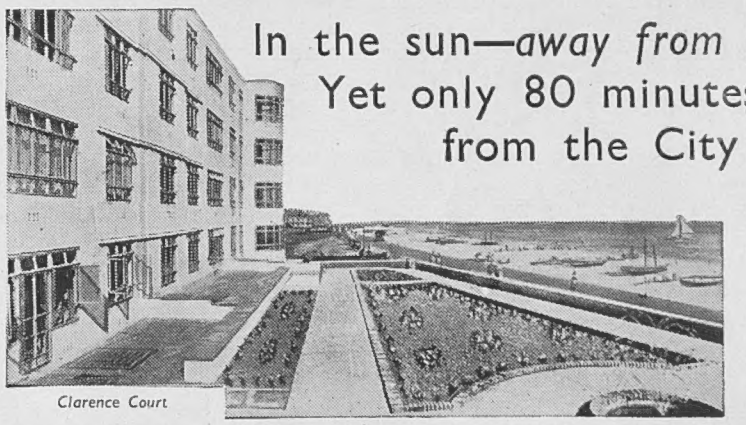

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